FORTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

VOL. XLII, Part 2 SPRING NUMBER, 1946 No. 278

Published 1st March

THE DICKENSIAN

CONTENTS

DICKENS AND THE DECADENT
Montague Summers

DICKENS SELF-REVEALED
Mary G. Dickins

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

POE—SCRIPT
Leo Mason

DICKENS AND AUSTRALIAN EMIGRATION

IN THE BEGINNING . . .
P. C. Williams

SOME DAMAGE HAS BEEN REPORTED . . .

AND OTHER ARTICLES

ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

PUBLISHED BY THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT
THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
Temporary Address: 7 LYME TERRACE, LONDON, N.W.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE
Subscription rate: Members of The Dickens Fellowship Five Shillings, Non-Members Six Shillings and Sixpence, per annum, post free.

The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

Arranged by Mrs. Jane Bacon.

On the first Saturday in each month at the Friends' House, Euston Road, at 2.30 p.m.

March 2nd—"Dickens's Unfinished Novel." T. S. Lascelles.
Chairman: T. W. Hill.

April 6th—"The Magic Loom of Dickens."
Rev. George A. Parkinson.
Chairman: Leslie C. Staples.

May 4th—Annual General Meeting, after which the chairman, Mrs. Gwen Major will give an address on the Book of the Year *Little Dorrit*.

Summer Meetings will be announced in *The Dickensian* for June.

Should any National Celebration be announced for this period, the Conference will be postponed until later in the month.

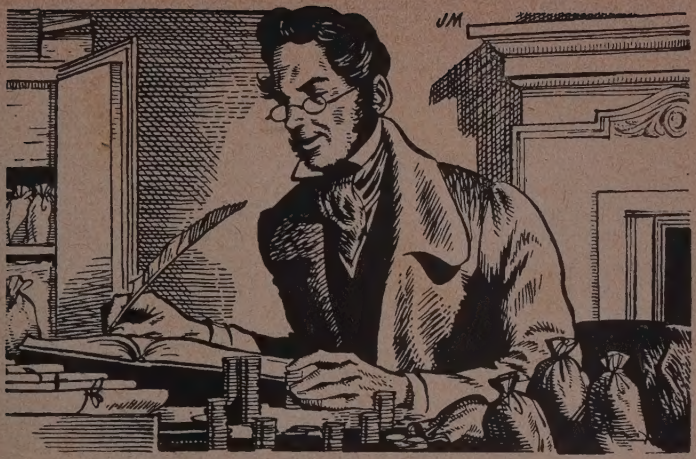
Whitsuntide, June 7th—10th

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP ANNUAL CONFERENCE

PROBABLE PROGRAMME.

FRIDAY.	An Evening Reception.
SATURDAY.	Business Meeting. Luncheon (approx. cost 13/6). The Dickens House—Reopening Ceremony.
SUNDAY.	Ceremony at Westminster Abbey to commemorate the 76th Anniversary of the Death of Charles Dickens. Rambles in Dickens London.
MONDAY.	Motor-coach tour to Rochester (approx. cost 22/6).

Honorary Secretaries will receive in April detailed programmes, which will be available to members on application to the Honorary Secretary in London.



THE LONDON BANKER

The squeaking of a quill pen . . . spluttering radiance of the newly-invented gas-light . . . the soft, heavy clink of gold coinage . . . from outside, the clatter of hooves on a cobbled street . . . *an office of the London and Westminster Bank in the 1830's.*

THE TEMPO of business was slower, in an age which knew neither telephones nor typewriters—when the invitation to enjoy the 'hospitality of the Manager' was the normal conclusion to a successful transaction. These early days in the Bank's history now seem incredibly remote. Yet throughout the intervening years, which brought greater changes than did those of any previous century, the policy of the Westminster Bank has marched with the times; it aims to provide a complete banking service, based on the highest traditions of integrity and fair dealing.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

WALTER T. SPENCER

(M. E. SPENCER)

27 New Oxford Street,

ESTABLISHED 1884. **London, W.C.1**

Cable and Telegraphic Address: "PHIZ, WESTCENT, LONDON."

Telephone: HOLBORN 3936

First Editions of the Works of Charles Dickens, including Presentation Copies; also Manuscripts, Autograph Letters for Sale

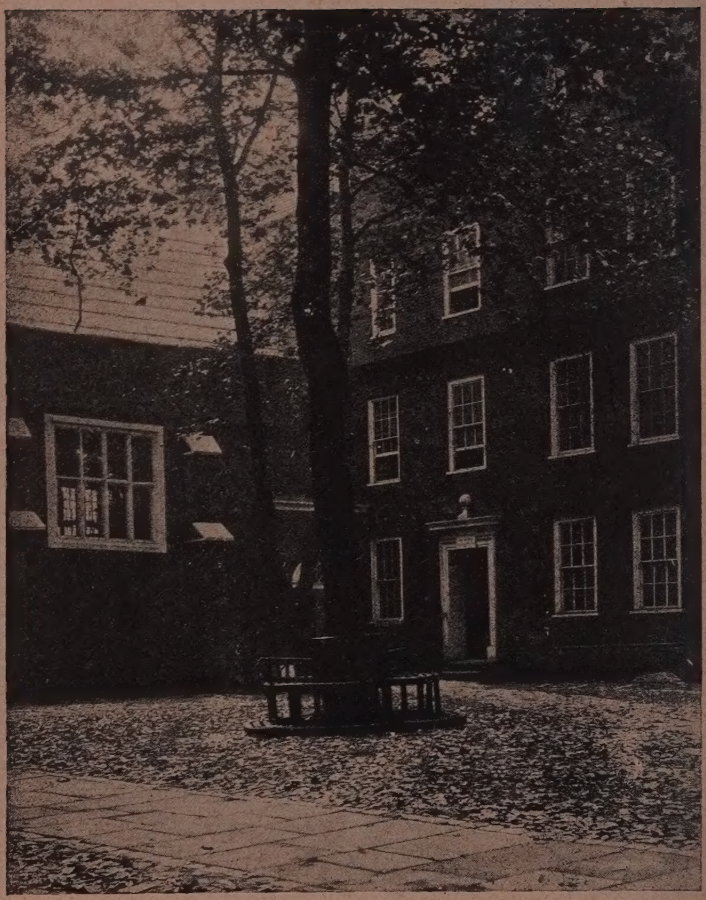
CHARLES DICKENS

UNA POPE-HENNESSY, D.B.E.

'A vivid and convincing portrait of genius, brilliant, emotion-drugged, crowd-intoxicated, restless, compassionate, ruthless, limited, a little vulgar. Dame Una's book will be a rich storehouse for any future commentators on this extraordinary man and his times. One reads it with interest, admiration and absorption' *Rose Macaulay, The Spectator.* *Illustrated.* 21*s. net.*

Second impression ready

CHATTO AND WINDUS



The Hall of Staple Inn

Destroyed by aerial attack in 1944

See article "Some Damage has been Reported . . ."
commencing on p. 92

THE DICKENSIAN

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. XLII 1st MARCH, 1946 No. 278

The Birthday. The first peace-time celebrations of the anniversary of the Birth of Charles Dickens were widespread and joyous. In London there was a Luncheon at the Waldorf Hotel, presided over by the President, Mr. Compton Mackenzie. The toast to the Immortal Memory of the novelist was proposed by Mr. Sydney Carroll, whose tribute will be printed in the next number.

* * * * *

The Dickens Fellowship Annual Conference. The Annual Conference will be held in London at Whitsuntide. A four-day programme is being arranged and every effort will be made to reach as nearly to pre-war standards as is possible in these still *austerity* times. Branch Secretaries and members are asked to bear the date in mind and to remember that the warmest welcome awaits them in London. Full details will be circulated to the former in April or sooner if possible and will be available on application to the Hon. Secretary. We in London are determined to make this a really memorable Conference, and thus give the Fellowship a noteworthy launching as it takes the waters of full activity once more. At Whitsuntide all roads will lead to London town.

* * * * *

The Dickens House. Plans are well in hand for the reopening of The Dickens House, and it is hoped that it may be possible to hold an Official Ceremony during the Conference. On Whitsunday, June 9th, falls the 76th Anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens and the 21st Anniversary of the opening of the Dickens House by the late Lord Birkenhead. We hope to see all our friends around us on this auspicious occasion.

* * * * *

A Correspondence. A curious correspondence has been appearing in the "Times Literary Supplement." It commenced with an appeal for "A Dickens Shrine in London," the inference being that The Dickens House was somehow inadequate. Furthermore it was complained that the House was closed and in need of redecoration. It would appear to be yet another instance of the perennial popularity of Dickens, that The Dickens House should be singled out for the criticism that it had not functioned throughout the alarums and hazards of the war. Naturally all such institutions in London were closed down during that period, and as we write only one (and that one having the benefit of municipal finances) has so far been able to open its doors again. Moreover, not all the great State Museums are yet reopened, and those which have been have only been able to provide a limited number of rooms for public exhibition. Quite apart from the grave risk of retaining valuable relics in London throughout the air-raids, the cost of keeping the Dickens House open, when its income had all but disappeared, would have been prohibitive. It is hard to discover why the Dickens Fellowship, which all but unaided, established this great memorial and kept it open to the public for fifteen years (until 1939) should be given no credit for its achievement. However, let it but spur us to greater efforts. The Dickens House, although it will undoubtedly reopen in a few months, unharmed by enemy air attacks and still financially sound by reason of the loyalty of the

"Friends of The Dickens House," is in great need of adequate endowment. More Friends are needed for its support. The sole obligation of a Friend is an annual subscription of individual choice. Then there is the Walter Dexter Memorial Fund which is designed to provide the badly needed Endowment Fund for the House. Its claims upon the generosity of Branches and members alike cannot be too strongly urged and a great deal more will be heard of this during the coming months.

* * * * *

Gadshill Place. Another contributor to the correspondence referred to in the previous paragraph suggested that a Dickens Shrine should be set up at Gadshill Place. This is a most attractive dream but likely to remain so in times like these. The cost would be enormous and it is difficult to imagine where it would come from. How refreshing it was to read the letter from Major Humphry House (whose brilliant *The Dickens World* has so far not reached the public it deserves, owing to the paper shortage), who suggested that the claims of The Dickens House in Doughty Street are "overwhelming," and paid tribute to it not merely "as a museum and place of popular pilgrimage," but also as "an active and extremely valuable centre of Dickens studies and of historical studies in the Dickens period. Those who remember the library and the helpfulness of the staff of the Fellowship there, would deeply regret any suggestion that such facilities should be moved out of London." It would be very unfortunate if the appeal for the Endowment of The Dickens House suffered "because of an alternative proposal to make a 'shrine' of Gadshill," wrote Major House.

* * * * *

Our Contributors. It is with very great pleasure and pride that for the first time we present an article by the Rev. Montague Summers in this number. Distinguished for many years as a foremost authority on the Old Dramatists, particularly those of the Restoration, Mr. Summers has won equal renown for his historical studies of Witchcraft and kindred subjects, and latterly for his notable researches into the history of the Gothic Novel. Another new contributor who is equally certain of a welcome is Mary G. Dickins (Mrs. Bruce Dickins), whose Address to the Edinburgh Branch at the beginning of the present season is printed in this number. The daughter of Sir Herbert Grierson, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Edinburgh, Mrs. Dickins is the wife of the Professor of English at Leeds University, who has recently been elected to the Elrington and Bosworth Professorship of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge.

* * * * *

Katherine Kelly. It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Miss Katherine Kelly. Students of the Drood mystery are unanimous in placing her "When the Wicked Man . . .", a conclusion of Dickens's unfinished novel, very high indeed on the lengthy list of such works, if not at the head. It is sad to think that Miss Kelly did not live to see her fine work published, but it will inevitably find its way into print one day.

* * * * *

The *Carol* Helps Again. The Christmas appeal for the Merchant Navy Comforts Fund was aided this year by an ingenious gramophone record founded upon *A Christmas Carol*, which was issued to schools and other supporters of this praiseworthy organisation. In it Scrooge is wafted by the Spirit to The Red Ensign Club in East London, which, as The Sailors' Home, has been active for more than a century. It was described in *Household Words* (March 22nd, 1851), and now sadly needs bringing up to present-day needs. Then to the

Houses for Disabled Merchant Navy Seamen and their families, and the Royal Merchant Navy Schools, which houses and educates 300 orphans of Merchant Navy men, and is also badly in need of extension. The record was capitally made and we hope it met with the success its cause and itself both deserve.

* * * * *

A Children's Theatre. Another attempt to establish a Childrens' Theatre in London was launched at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, in January. Such enterprises, although highly successful in some continental countries, have not hitherto attained permanence in London, but the prospects of the new theatre seem a great deal brighter and they have considerable backing from the educational authorities. Dickens would have highly approved of such a scheme. In this instance, operations were commenced with the adaptation of *Great Expectations* by Alec Guinness, which was so successful at the Rudolf Steiner Hall in 1940. Performances are given only for children, whose visits are sponsored by their schools, and are not available to the public.

* * * * *

The Drug Addict. Mr. John A. Fletcher contributes an interesting note on John Jasper in the "St. Mary's Hospital Gazette." Dickens, he says, brings far more psychological analysis to the problem of the drug addict than did Wilkie Collins in "The Moonstone." "The œtiology of Jasper's addiction seems to be clinically orthodox, since he is an obvious neurotic who has resorted to the drug as a means of banishing reality," although his "astonishing visual hallucinations" suggest *cannabis indica* or *mescal* rather than opium to Mr. Fletcher.

* * * * *

The First Post-War Edition. The distinction of being the first book of Dickens to be reprinted since the war goes to *A Christmas Carol*. Designed to celebrate the centenary of the first edition in 1943, such are the difficulties of the publishing trade nowadays that it did not reach the bookshops until this Christmas. It is a pleasing little volume (Pen Books: Collins, 4/6), about the size of the original edition and having the original Leech plates admirably reproduced in colour. It was not surprising that supplies quickly vanished. A huge public awaits the reprinting of Dickens, whose books have been unobtainable in the shops for several years.

* * * * *

Dickens was Selective. A Portsmouth paper recently reported that some travellers on a trolley-bus passing through Commercial Road, were amused to hear two W.R.N.S.s discussing in loud tones their opinion of the City. The bus had just passed the Dickens Museum, when one of the women exclaimed, "Did you see that, my dear? It said something about Dickens's birthplace back there," whereupon her companion scornfully replied, "Don't be silly, darling, Dickens wouldn't have been born in a place like Portsmouth."

* * * * *

Dingley Dell Christmas Weather. Shall we return to the snow-bound Christmases of the Pickwickian tradition? Mr. E. L. Hawke, Secretary of the Royal Meteorological Society, writing in the Christmas Number of "The Strand Magazine," presents the opinion that it is quite possible. Modern research has established the fact that the prevailing south-westerly winds which bring mild winter weather to these islands, occasionally fall into abeyance for periods of a decade or more. "Green" Christmasses have been the rule rather than the exception since the seventeenth century and probably earlier, but from time to time winds from the easterly quarter

of the compass have prevailed, one such period lasting from 1794 till 1810, bringing very severe weather and were renewed in the winter of 1814-15, when the last Frost Fair was held on the Thames. Oddly enough the Christmas of 1836, when *Pickwick* was in course of publication, was one of the most severe of modern times. There were two feet of snow in Central London. Mr. Hawke, in pointing out that the Pickwickians' Christmas at Dingley Dell, which was at first stated by Dickens to have taken place in 1830, was later altered to 1827, states that the Christmas weather in the latter year was very mild, with neither frost or snow !

* * * * *

Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce To-day. Charges are occasionally made that Dickens somewhat overstepped the bounds of probability in making the case of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce last as long as he did, but there is a case before the courts in Palestine to-day which began in 1920. We read that costs in this case, brought against the Palestine Government by the heirs of Sultan Abdul Hamid in reference to mineral rights in areas detached from the Ottoman Empire after the last war, have now reached £500,000. Many famous lawyers have appeared in the case, including the Lord Chancellor, Lord Jowitt, Sir Cyril Radcliffe, K.C., and Sir Stafford Cripps, K.C., M.P.

* * * * *

At Broadstairs. Visitors to the delightful Dickens Festival Weeks at Broadstairs in several pre-war summers will be pleased to learn that dramatic talent in that charming little seaside resort so beloved of Dickens is emerging from its enforced seclusion. An excellent start was made at Christmas with a new production of *A Christmas Carol*, which achieved popular and artistic success. When it is known that Miss Gladys Waterer, whose enthusiasm was the keystone of the old Summer Festivals, was in command no surprise will be expressed. It is devoutly to be wished that the Festivals will take their accustomed prominent place in the Broadstairs season at no distant date. Our very good wishes go out to Miss Waterer and her helpers. The war has left Broadstairs comparatively unharmed, and surely Dickens would be amazed at the extent to which it has preserved its character these last hundred years.

* * * * *

In the Dickens Tradition. A new and very lengthy novel, "London Belongs To Me," by Norman Collins (Collins, 12/6), has received a great deal of notice in the press and almost every reviewer has stressed the Dickensian character of the sprawling tale of five sets of residents in a South London lodging house. It is some time since a "new Dickens" was hailed by the critics. In the years between the wars one cropped up fairly regularly, that is, in the opinion of the writers of what has come to be known as publisher's "blurb."

* * * * *

Dickens's Satire Still Stings. A great daily newspaper in indulging in some trenchant criticism in its editorial leader, could find no better peroration that a quotation from Dickens: "Not since the days of the notorious Circumlocution Office has there ever been any description so tragically diverting as Mr. . . . . 's account of . . . . Oh for another Dickens and his pen to stifle the antics of these circumlocutionists with the ridicule that alone can bring them to a halt' Recall his words: 'Whatever was required to be done the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving how NOT to do it.'"

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

DICKENS AND THE DECADENT

By MONTAGUE SUMMERS

DICKENS and the decadent! The very phrase is a paradox. Dickens is the healthiest, homeliest, sanest, most comfortable and cordial of English writers, and what possible connexion could there be between Charles Dickens and a decadent, what point of contact, what remotest approximation?

We should always define our terms. What is a decadent? Candidly, I do not know, and I am the less ashamed to acknowledge my ignorance since the "Oxford English Dictionary" is manifestly at a loss to

J.-K. Huysmans

by Raëffelli

explain the word, that is as applied to literature and life. H. W. Fowler says that a "decadent" is literary slang (which it is not) for a "writer or artist affecting certain vices, obscurities, and turgidities of style." A very neat, concise, and Fowleresque exposition, and I can see the twinkle in his eye as he penned it, for Fowler was a man who loved to be confronted with a difficulty. He always kept a perfectly straight face, what Americans call (I believe) a "poker-face," but his eyes fairly danced with glee at a poser. Anyhow, I don't think these "vices, obscurities and turgidities of style" get us very far, since I could name a number of writers to-day who have all that and more, and who are not the least bit decadent.

Perhaps the best way to understand what a decadent may be is to have a look at the full-length portrait of the typical decadent drawn

by one of France's most famous authors, J.-K. Huysmans, in one of his most famous books, *A Rebours*, an untranslatable title, which can be roughly turned by the Scottish word *Withershins*, wrong way round.

Charles-Marie-Georges Huysmans—he preferred to call himself and the world knows him as Jorris-Karl Huysmans—is a unique figure in French literature. (I am using that very much over-worked word "unique" in its true sense.) Born of Dutch extraction, in 1848, at twenty he entered the French civil service, being attached to the staff of the Ministère de l' Intérieur, and in the course of his thirty years' official routine—he retired in 1898—he rose to the important, but not very onerous, position of "sous-chef de bureau." Huysmans was a pattern employé, punctual, exact, thoroughly efficient and reliable. In fact, when he was decorated in 1893 with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, it was made quite clear to him that it was not the famous author, but the model civil servant who was being thus rewarded. "Well, well, the old drudge has done his work," he said to a friend during his first days of leisure, "but, do you know ? somehow I do miss hurrying along the same streets, morning after morning, and catching the same 'bus."

Huysmans began his literary career as a most fervent admirer and disciple of Emile Zola, that is to say as an alumnus of the extreme naturalistic school. The naturalists, as their name denotes, were those writers who professed to give an absolutely undiluted and unadorned picture of everyday life, life at its dreariest and dirtiest, to omit nothing, however ugly and painful, to record "without romance and without bravura" (as Zola himself said), to study nature, in fine. The first novel of Huysmans, *Marthe*, was called "a slice of life," and a very sordid and slummy slice of life it is. This he followed with several other stories of the same kind, photographic in their realism, all extraordinarily clever, all extraordinarily depressing to read.

Of course, the fundamental error of the naturalists is that life is not all grit and grime, that there is beauty in nature, that man has ideals of art and worship and love. This aspect of humanity they ignored, and, therefore, they failed, or at any rate their exposition is very one-sided and unbalanced. Dickens gave us Fagin and Sikes and Quilp and Squeers, but he also gave us Florence Dombey and Little Nell, and the immense humour of Micawber and Captain Cuttle. There is nothing so cleansing as a sense of humour. I cannot remember a really humorous character is any one of Zola's novels.

In 1884, Jorris-Karl Huysmans broke entirely new ground with *A Rebours*. This amazing book is nothing more or less than the most intimate psychological study of one person, the Duke Jean des Esseintes, the last scion of an effete and etiolated aristocracy, a victim of atavism and neurotic hysteria. Weary of the world, weary of the banalities of society, weary of pleasure, weary (although he does not realise it) of himself, this young man resolves to become an æsthetic anchorite, and very deliberately sets about devising a hermitage, where all alone, unmolested, undisturbed, he can live in a fantastic dreamland of his own creation. His two servants even, an old man and his wife, are under the strictest orders never to intrude upon his solitude, and he contrives the most elaborate arrangements to avoid the very shadow of their presence.

The vagaries of Des Esseintes are of the strangest, the most bizarre. For example, he furnishes one of his rooms as the cabin of a ship, and hangs it with gaudy advertisements of Lloyds' and other ocean lines, highly-coloured pictures of ships sailing for Valparaiso and La Plata. He experiments by drinking out-of-the-way liqueurs, he delights in exotic perfumes, which he blends in extraordinary fashions. Precious

stones, above all, fascinate him, and he actually purchases a huge tortoise whose shell he has set with jewels which glitter and coruscate from a hundred facets as the animal slowly crawls to and fro. This begemmed tortoise was actually no freak of artistic imagination. A huge reptile of the sort was decorated in this way by Robert de Montesquiou, a well-known figure in contemporary Parisian society.

A Rebours made a tremendous sensation. It was discussed everywhere, and not the least interesting chapters were judged to be those in which Huysmans' sketches his hero's artistic and literary evaluations, which are treated at very considerable length and with a good deal of pepper and poignant criticism.

Curiously enough, although he can never quite make up his mind to visit England, Des Esseintes has the greatest admiration for English artists, and he is not (as might be supposed) a disciple of the Pre-Raphaelites, but he loves to pore over an album of the drawings of John Leech and George Du Maurier. Caldecott is another great favourite. Indeed, so much of an Anglomaniac is he that he will sit for hours turning over guide-books to England, and reading again and again details of the various London Museums and Art Galleries. London and the Thames haunt him. He loves to imagine Whistlerian effects on the Embankment, and spiritually soak himself in November fogs, Mr. Guppy's "London particulars."

In his native tongue, French, his chosen authors are Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Barbey d'Aurevilly. That we should expect. In English one author satisfies him completely and absolutely, and this author is Charles Dickens.

It is surely a very remarkable thing that the French neo-decadent—but Huysmans, be it noted, is expressing his own personal views on art and individual literary opinions through Des Esseintes—should be an ardent Dickensian. Yet so practical is the admiration of Des Esseintes for Dickens that he resolves after a severe struggle, to issue from his strange retreat in order to visit England, merely that he may walk "the dirtiest and darkest streets that were ever seen in the world," at least so Esther Summerson thought them. He is fascinated by the idea of "the City of Dickens," London, and as he treads the damp, clammy pavements he will pass "tall houses, brilliantly lighted, all warmth and a glow of comfort within, well furnished, well kept, where at bountifully spread tables are presiding Little Dorrit or Dora Copperfield or Ruth Pinch, and Mr. Wickfield with his white hair and ruddy face is sipping meditatively his glass of port, be it old port, light delicate, Cockburn's very fine, or magnificent old Regina."

In fact Des Esseintes is a complete Victorian at heart.

Ultimately, Des Esseintes, arriving at the station far too early for his train, drives to the Bodega, which used to be at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Castiglione. It is crowded with noisy English people. Here he orders an English dinner, which, according to his ideas, consists of oxtail soup, finnan-haddock, roast beef with potatoes, rhubarb tart, and Stilton. He drinks a couple of pints of pale ale, followed by a tankard of porter, and a cup of coffee with gin. He feels that he is absolutely Dickensian, so Dickensian indeed that he asks himself, "Why go to London after all?" He hears the rain pattering down outside—another truly English effect. Why run the risk of spoiling his dream of the perfect London? He collects his luggage, orders a cab, and returns home with completest satisfaction. Has he not travelled, has he not eaten a thoroughly English meal, surrounded by English folk, has he not seen England, the England of Dickens, in his imagination?

I have been told that after his retirement a friend of Huysmans said to him: "I suppose that now you will take the opportunity of visiting

England ?" "Why should I ?" came the reply. "I can always read Charles Dickens."

It is, perhaps, rather surprising that, as a writer, Dickens never had the slightest influence upon the work of Jorris-Karl Huysmans. It would, in fact, be difficult to name any two authors who are so absolutely dissimilar and unlike. In July, 1892, at the age of forty-four, Huysmans, under the direction of the Abbé Mugnier, made a retreat at the Trappist monastery of Nôtre-Dame d'Igny. He has given an account of this in his most famous work, *En Route*, an extraordinarily intimate and poignant study in the psychology of the sick soul. His work is purely mystical, and he found himself master of a new and passionately devoted school of disciples. He died on Sunday, May 12th, 1907.

It is interesting to remark that as there are in England Dickensians with their excellent magazine, *The Dickensian*, so in France there is a Société J.-K. Huysmans, which issues a *Bulletin*, and collects every detail or scrap of detail relating to "The Master." I do not think that Huysmans could ever be a popular author in England. His genius, supreme in its kind, is alien to English thought. There is (I believe) only one English member of the Société.

The attraction of Dickens for Huysmans is perfectly understandable, but it lies far down in a psychological approach.

Huysmans considered *Bleak House* the greatest of Dickens's works, and there are not a few who would be ready to agree with him. Myself, I certainly consider that, taking the books as a whole, Dickens is at his greatest in *Bleak House*, *Great Expectations* and *Edwin Drood*. Which of the two be the finer, *Bleak House* or *Edwin Drood*, I cannot venture to decide.

"The finest character in *Bleak House*," says Huysmans, "is Mr. Tulkinghorn, the imperturbable and implacable lawyer of the stealthy cat-like tread, the depository of a thousand mysterious whispers and knowledge unfathomable, whose eyes, cold and sharp as steel, are deep and secret as the grave. His shadow, like some sombre destiny, broods over every page."

It is significant that *Bleak House*, *Great Expectations* and *Edwin Drood* were all written when Dickens had come consciously or subconsciously, under the influence of Wilkie Collins. One day, perhaps, the greatness of Wilkie Collins will be more generally recognised. *The Moonstone* will no longer in utter ignorance be relegated to that hateful class of vulgarest fiction known as "the detective novel." Not many weeks since, upon the occasion of a reprint of *The Woman in White*, I read a review, signed by a leading name, the utter ineptitude of which it would be as hard to parallel as it was painful to peruse.

I cannot find that Huysmans was acquainted with the work of Collins. His judgement of Dickens was so admirable, so sincere, that it would have been extremely interesting to have had his appreciation of *Armadale*, *Basil*, and *No Name*.

There can, I think, be few more striking tributes to the genius of Dickens than that he should be so intelligently and nicely appreciated, so generously acclaimed, by a writer of another nationality, a master whose genius differed so widely and was so disparate from his own.

DICKENS SELF-REVEALED

By MARY G. DICKINS

I.

MY only claim to write of Charles Dickens is that I have known him all my life; that his books have become as much a part of my own background as any of my earliest recollections; and that his influence on my mind and character is so profound that my parents themselves have had scarcely more to do with their formation. I write almost from the angle of relationship; and what I know of his life comes as much from what he has told me, as from what I have learned from his friends and admirers, and also from the Peeping Toms who have added so much to his latest biography.

I was about five when I fell down the flight of stairs outside my father's study and precipitated myself into *Oliver Twist*. I remember the sofa on which my distracted parent laid me; and the way he rushed to the corner of one of the bookshelves which lined the room. I also remember my struggles to repress my howls as the story of Oliver's birth unfolded itself. Above all I remember the for long unsolved mystery of these new ideas about birth itself. What were the angels doing to dump an unfortunate infant into circumstances like these?

Many years later I read Forster's Life. I found it then, as I find it still, a dull compilation. It never seemed to me to get really close up to Dickens himself, not the Dickens who lived in the shabby red books I knew so well.

So I continued to read and re-read the famous novels. Then one day when reading *Dombey and Son*, something quite fresh happened; something that was both in the nature of a revelation and a winnowing. You will remember the description of Captain Cuttle's buttons in the rain, and the return of Florence Dombey to her home, when she found a whole Olympus of workmen on the cupola, or the midnight wandering of Mr. Dombey through the drawing-room bathed in moonlight. It was these and passages like these that made me realise that here outside the purely comic scenes was something so vivid that it amounted to a personal experience, that here one was coming face to face with Dickens himself, and catching a glimpse of someone whose life was a secret. A quite fresh interest in Dickens began to emerge. Up to that time I had considered him as a humorist first, and after that a rather sentimental moralist. Now I realised that he was an artist before all else, and that the moralist and the sentimentalist in Dickens required a good deal of explanation, for both lay in some measure outside the scope of his genius. I realised that Dickens was the mouthpiece of one of the most interesting periods in our history, and that one had to know more about Dickens himself to know more about the great Victorian age.

All this sent me off re-reading the neglected portions of his writings; then Forster again; then Dickens's letters; and finally all that I could lay hands on that had been written about him by his friends and contemporaries. Then, just the other day, has appeared this new Life by Dame Una Pope-Hennessy.

I have not fathomed all the reactions Dame Una has set in motion, but I do know two things: first, that all the available *facts* are there; there can be really nothing more to add: and, secondly, that Dickens himself has somehow or other eluded her even more effectively than he did Forster. For while Forster dealt with his subject as both a public character and a private friend, Dame Una treats hers as "common man of the common earth," and has omitted any reference to Dickens *sub specie aeternitatis*, in other words, to Dickens the artist.

What she has painted is a portrait built up from a series of photographs taken by his friends and contemporaries. She does not seem to realise that Dickens only really gave himself away *to his public*, and even then under a veil, but a very transparent one. What his own relations saw of him was something that he had deliberately built up to match the life he was determined to live. When that life began to crack they were unduly surprised and shocked by revelations which would not have surprised any of his more perceptive readers. In painting her portrait Dame Una would have done well to have consulted Dickens himself more fully. She would have found some curious things for instance in *The Uncommercial Traveller*.

On the evidence she has collected Dame Una has been scrupulously fair. She has told us the surface facts. What she has failed to do is to examine the depths out of which Dickens had struggled, but from which he never quite escaped. There are some curiously morbid traits revealed in *The Uncommercial Traveller* which throw their light on many things in his novels and his life. She gives no consideration to his amazing gift of humour, but seems to accept it as merely a gift from the gods. Did it never occur to her that the swing of the emotional pendulum, to which we are all subject, might explain these gales of laughter as the counterpoise of sanity in a nature preternaturally sensitive to pain, and deeply in need of reassurance? She does not seem to pause to consider the obvious; how a man so fundamentally disagreeable as emerges in her pages came to be so universally beloved, not only in public but in private. It is very clear that the anger and resentment and the pain revealed by Kate Perugini are the outcome of indignant and thwarted affection. The Gordian knot which Dickens cut when he separated from his wife was one tied by too much, not by too little, love; and the disagreeable in him is the direct outcome of a combination of circumstances which might have "floored" (to use a favourite expression) a saint.

Dickens, we are told, "created" Christmas as we know it to-day. In the same sense we might also, I think, say that Dickens "created" (along with Queen Victoria and Charlotte M. Yonge) the middle-class sex-morality of the Victorian era. Now sex-morality is not only an expression of religious principles, but also of economic pressure. And to find out why Dickens held the views he indisputably did (and held them, as I propose to demonstrate, up to the end of his life, whatever his practice may have been), we have to consider the whole social and economic structure of his life. And for that we must turn principally to *Little Dorrit*.

II.

Even more than the Blacking Factory, the dominant influence in Dickens's life was, I feel sure, the Marshalsea Prison. *Little Dorrit* is one of the greatest novels he ever wrote; one of the greatest novels that has ever been written, in spite of the fact that Forster curtly dismisses it as "adding nothing to his reputation." Dickens was at work on it at the time of the crisis in his own life, and there is a depth and sadness in its pages that can only be rivalled by the greater majesty and darkness of *Great Expectations*—that masterpiece of tragedy.

In *Little Dorrit* Dickens really does unfold the story of his own inner life; and it is built up on strict, if limited, Christian principles. What we find here is the unexplained (and inexplicable) mystery of human failure; something much more penetrating and mysterious than crime. When Dickens deals with crime there is no hesitation in his moral judgement; but failure, that is another problem altogether. Now think for a moment what the Marshalsea must have meant to a sensitive, imaginative, observant and intelligent child. Do not

forget that the mere question of duration is beside the point. Even though John Dickens only remained under lock and key for a few months, that *at the beginning* was unknown to him or to little Charles. So far as either of them could tell there was no reason why he should not remain locked up for years, for as long as the Father of the Marshalsea himself. The questions that entered the child's mind, then, were to remain with him unanswered all his days. *Why* are human beings so ill-equipped for life? *Why* are they condemned through poverty, and weakness, and self-indulgence to be shut away behind spiked walls, it may be for life? And finally, how can one, handicapped from the beginning like this, escape this fate?

Dickens's successes and failures in life both have their origin in these questions. He speaks somewhere of his determination "not to become what circumstances were conspiring to make him," and the "circumstance" above all others was the Marshalsea Prison. It was against *that* that he reacted; it was because of *that* that he steeled his will and prepared himself to ride, rough-shod if necessary, over life's obstacles. What hardness developed in later years was stamped on it by that early shock, and his own frantic determination to escape. One must remember that he lived his entire life surrounded by, and economically responsible for, a host of potential and actual failures; even his own children showed no particular aptitude for finding their feet, in spite of all the advantages he had given them. If he were not always as easy-going or as sympathetic with his relations and connections as he might have been: if he provided for his sons in a somewhat autocratic fashion, and without much consulting their wishes; he knew from what he was saving them, and on what a slender thread of personal endeavour, and personal popularity their fates all hung. It is not entirely a pleasant position, that of the one solvent and responsible member of a large family. The wealthier one becomes, the more prominent one's position, the greater are the demands, and the harder it is to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly. The man who holds the purse strings is never entirely an agreeable character, and there is always the danger that a sense of injustice may eat its way into his soul. *Why* should he after all fill all these hungry mouths, and prop all these clinging forms? Why should he over-work his genius, burden his mind with money difficulties, slave at the expense of his health (Dickens had to undergo an agonising operation as the consequence of sitting too long at his desk) in order to keep alive and in comfort these parasites, he, a man who had already a large and ever-increasing family of his own to provide for? Dickens has been severely criticised, at one time for neglecting to provide for his brother's deserted "wife" in Chicago (he was already providing for the same brother's legal wife deserted in London), and at another for the smallness of the settlement he made on his wife, a paltry £600 a year, although that sum was worth double what it is to-day. Little is said of the early burdens he had to carry. It is not really to be wondered at that his nerve should have given way, and that he should have worked himself into a panic when he found himself caught in the meshes of contracts that provided rich dividends for his publishers, and little for himself and his dependants. There is one very moving revelation of Dickens's self in *Little Dorrit*. It comes in one of Amy Dorrit's letters to Arthur Clennam, where, after describing her journey across the Alps, she says: "As soon as I begin to plan and think and try, all my planning, thinking, and trying go in the old direction, and I begin to feel careful again about the expenses of the day . . . and then I remember with a start that there are no such cares left. . . . For instance, when we were among the mountains, I often felt . . . as if the Marshalsea must be behind the great rock; or as if Mrs. Clennam's room . . . must be beyond the snow." That

sense of being haunted by what he had experienced and endured lies behind much that Dickens wrote, and is one of the keys to his character. Like Scott's, the whole glittering edifice of Dickens's wealth was built on his own endeavour, and his own unique popularity. Unlike Scott he carried the burden to the end (as Scott could have done had he had some of Dickens's hardness and early experience), but at a price scarcely less heavy than Scott paid. The Readings killed Dickens as surely as the literary slavery Scott endured while he struggled to pay off a mountain of debt, precipitated his end.

III.

But to turn from the first lesson the Marshalsea taught to another closely related to it; I have said that sex-morality is not only the product of religious principles, but also of economic necessity. Dickens, when his father entered the Marshalsea, plumbed the lowest depths possible to anyone who can yet hope to retain his self-respect. The depth below that, the depth of crime, was impossible to him because it remained forever outside his sympathies. It is on this point that the innocence of little Oliver Twist become so revealing as a reflection of Dickens's own reactions in early life.

At this point we have to remember the strata of society in which sexual immorality is most prevalent—the highest and the lowest. Dickens's first knowledge of promiscuity was learned in and near the Marshalsea, and became for ever associated in his mind with social degradation. It seemed the prerogative of the shiftless class of society he loathed, and from which he hoped to escape for ever. It was, as Burns says, the "only pleasure of the poor," and poverty was what Dickens was fleeing. Not till much later in his life, when he had soared from nearly the bottom of the social scale, to somewhere near the top, did Dickens discover that these ugly things with ugly names, fornication and adultery, can safely be indulged in by those who can afford them. The respectable middle-class to which Dickens belonged by birth can simply not afford them, the economic penalties they involve are too high.

No doubt he had moral principles instilled into him from earliest childhood; and the consequences of failure to observe them could be seen around him in the street, or the court-yard of the Marshalsea. Dickens genuinely believed and sincerely approved the views on purity and married fidelity, which he expresses and emphasises all through his novels. All the same he had not really thought them out for himself, weighing, rejecting, and finally synthesising his own emotions and the experience of others; but had preferred to accept uncritically views which for many years of his life he took so for granted that he did not pause to examine them. The sex morality in his novels is a reaction against the life from which, largely by his own efforts, he had escaped; and the shadow of which he so dreaded that he could not bring himself to speak of it, even to his closest friends or nearest relations. It is also an expression of his own hopes about life: this conviction that somewhere there is to be found a woman who can satisfy the deepest cravings of his nature; and that, because he recognises in himself the eternal need of goodness, then goodness must be her chief, her eternal attribute. Of Christian dogma Dickens scarcely knew the A, B, C, but he had in his heart that something of which St. Augustine speaks: the immortal restlessness that can only find its rest in God. What of true Christianity he had seen he loved; and if he translated that little in terms of human kindliness and human goodness, and worshipped at that shrine, which among us can say that we have practiced even so much of all that we have learned?

But now we come to the crux in Dickens's character and life; the

separation from his wife, around which he and his friends flung so much mystery. It is enough for there to *be* a mystery for some kind soul to try and unearth it. So now, thanks to our friend Peeping Tom, we think we know what it was. Dickens, in those dangerous middle years of a man's life, fell in love with an actress. Ellen Ternan, a girl of eighteen, became his mistress, and remained his mistress (but the proofs are by no means final and beyond dispute) till his death.

A great deal has been written about this highly discreditable business, and it is fully discussed in Dame Una's book. It is not a pretty story: but the curious thing about it is that, if Dickens had been a little more of a man of the world, a little *more* dishonest, a little cleverer at conducting an intrigue, the whole thing might have come and gone, and no one would have been much the worse for it. But neither he nor Catherine really knew how to deal with this sort of thing. Kate was too stupid and accommodating, and Dickens was too impatient and straightforward. Between them they made a pretty mess of it; Kate agreed to leave her home and children, and Dickens lost his peace of mind for ever. For Dickens himself did not, and knew that he did not, approve what had happened. Like St. Paul he found himself in a quandary; he was doing, and continuing to do, something that fundamentally he did not wish to do; or at least that he wished had never happened.

Before I turn to *Our Mutual Friend* and the evidence it contains of Dickens's own judgement on himself, I must first say a few words about the protestations which he made at the time of the separation. Dame Una is frankly condemnatory in her summing-up, "It would have been better for Dickens's reputation as an honest man," she says, "if he had admitted that he had fallen violently in love with a girl of eighteen and that the sensations of youth released in him made him regard his own children as brothers and sisters and his own wife with physical disgust. After all the senses know no constancy. Kate was certainly dull and she may have been a bore, but her husband with his mercurial temperament had really been lucky to be linked to anyone who asserted herself so little and was on the whole so amenable."

Was he? Who can tell? Kate, no doubt, did her best according to her lights, and, as Lady Ramsay loved to quote, "Wives of great men oft remind us WE could make their lives sublime." It is a pity there are so few Elizabeth Barrett Brownings and Lady Elgars. But what Dame Una loses sight of, when she indicates so unerringly the path Dickens should have trod, is that by this time Dickens was no longer only a private individual, and that his livelihood depended on the favour of his public, and with it the livelihood of Kate and her sister Georgina (that sinister figure as Dame Una depicts her) and nine children. Was all that to be flung away in a rapture of honesty? And even if no financial penalty were involved does Dame Una quite realise what it means openly to confess a sin of which one is honestly ashamed. Nowadays this kind of thing is taken all too lightly. No, Dickens was in the throes of a real moral upheaval, torn between the ethics of poverty and the ethics, or lack of them, of wealth. There were, therefore, two good reasons for temporising, and for concealing the truth in a smoke-screen of wishful thinking—for at the precise moment of Dickens's protestations there is no *proof* that Miss Ternan was not still "as pure as my own dear daughters." It may have been the impossibility of ever proving this that precipitated the end, "as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb." One may legitimately hesitate to say that he was right to take up the attitude of injured innocence he did, but the difficulties of his position should be remembered. It is at least understandable that he should hesitate to destroy the whole

fabric of his life's work in order to expose what might after all prove to be no more than a passing obsession. We all act the part Life thrusts upon us rather like flustered amateurs performing an unknown play at sight.

IV.

Dame Una affirms that Dickens had really been in love with his wife when he married her, and that he had sincerely loved her up to the time of Miss Ternan's appearance; and to prove this she refers us to Dickens's letters to Kate both before and after marriage. She insists that his protestations of long-endured unhappiness and incompatibility (which Forster never seems to question) are merely a rationalising of his later desire to escape from her. But that is not the impression that Dickens's letters to Kate leave on my mind. It is really a strange thing that Dickens has left no love letters behind him, he who was of so fiery and inflammable a temperament. Presumably those he must have written have been destroyed, for they were not written to Kate.

Let me quote both his own description in a letter to Forster of that early passion for Maria Beadnall, and then some excerpts from those early letters to Kate; and observe the difference in tone. To Forster he wrote:

> "I don't quite apprehend what you mean by my overrating the strength of the feelings of five-and-twenty years ago. If you mean of my own feelings, and will only think what the desperate intensity of my nature is, and that this began when I was Charley's age: that it excluded every other idea from my mind for four years, at a time of life when four years are equal to four times four; and that I went at it with a determination to overcome all the difficulties, which fairly lifted me up into that newspaper life, and floated me away over a hundred men's heads; then you are wrong, because nothing can exaggerate that. I have positively stood amazed at myself ever since. And I so suffered, and so worked, and so beat and hammered away at the maddest romances that ever got into a boy's head and stayed there, that to see the cause of it all, now, loosens my hold upon myself. Without for a moment sincerely believing that it would have been better if we had never got separated, I cannot see the occasion of so much emotion as I should see any one else. No one can imagine in the most distant degree what pain the recollection gave me in *Copperfield*. And, just as I can never open that book as I open any other book, I cannot see the face (even at four-and-forty), or hear the voice, without going wandering away over the ashes of all that youth and hope in the wildest manner."

But when courting Catherine Hogarth the atmosphere is altered. He saw her almost every day of their engagement. The letters which Charles wrote to her were not passionate; they were either to arrange a meeting, or to excuse himself from keeping an engagement. Here are some typical examples:

> "As I received your very welcome letter just now, and as I am alone for a few minutes, I think I cannot do better than sit down and write without delay, though what I am to write about I know not. This place is fearfully dull, and I have seen neither a newspaper nor a book since I came down." And: "I am most happy to hear you have not been ''coss'—though I perceive that you have not yet subdued one part of your disposition—your mistrustful feelings, and lack of confidence. However this may be, you may rest satisfied that I love you dearly—far too well to feel hurt by what in anyone else would have annoyed me greatly." And: "If you knew how eagerly I long for your society this evening or how much delight it would afford me to be able to turn round to you at our own fireside when my work is done, and seek in your kind looks and gentle manner the recreation and happiness the moping solitude of chambers can never afford, you would believe me sincere in saying that necessity,

and necessity alone, induces me to forgo the pleasure of your companionship for one evening in the week even." And : " If the representations I have so often made to you, about my working as a duty, and not as a pleasure, be not sufficient to keep you in good humour, which you, of all people in the world, should preserve—why then, my dear, you must be out of temper, and there is no help for it."

That, and I am not weighting the dice against Catherine, seems to me to speak for itself. Of the later letters, written to his wife when he was travelling by himself in Italy, one does not, of course, expect the language of passion, but of affection, and, above all, of intimacy. Kindly and affectionate letters they are, filled with quite brilliant descriptions of the things he is seeing, and interested enquiries about the home he has left behind. They bear out what is, I think, a common experience among decent people, and which Dickens fully admits when he writes to Forster, " If I were sick or disabled tomorrow I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself, to think how we had lost each other. But exactly the same incompatibility would arise, the moment I were well again." Marriage is just not possible at all without affection. At all costs affection must be nurtured and protected and induced for at least as long as the married couple remain together. If Dickens had ever deeply and sincerely loved his wife the marriage would never have been broken, however much he might have suffered or loved elsewhere. An eminent psychologist once said to me, " When it comes to a crisis in married life the wife holds all the trumps—if only she will play them." And the ace of trumps is not the violence of physical passion, nor love-at-first-sight, but the long enduring love and kindliness and understanding that married life builds up between two people who truly and sincerely care for each other. I think it can be taken that no such understanding had really ever existed between Charles and Kate. If it had I do not believe that the story of the Blacking Factory and the Marshalsea Prison would have remained a secret from her.

Dickens had loved Maria Beadnall as Scott had loved Williamina Belches, and had been through the same experience. As with Scott, his heart might have been " handsomely pieced,' but, unfortunately, for him he married " on the rebound." He had selected the only daughter of marriageable age in a congenial family. Probably he married to escape from love and its disturbing influence on his work and life. And after marriage he had—half unconscious of the underlying motive—then contrived so as never really to live alone with her. Always there was some other member of his or her family in the house ; and in Mary Hogarth, and afterwards in Georgina, he found an outlet for his romantic veneration of womanhood, and his practical admiration of their domestic virtues. Kate produced the babies with exasperating regularity, and Dickens is not the only husband who has regarded frequent child-bearing as in some way the wife's unfortunate bad habit.

It is easy for outsiders, and even friends such as Forster, to say that there was nothing here that could not be patched up. But only those who have worn them know how the shoes of incompatibility pinch ; and nothing short of fundamental principles rooted in religious convictions can stand out against the overwhelming temptation of passionate physical love, experienced at that time of life when youth is slipping away.

(To be continued)

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

THE ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND

[Of the speeches made by Dickens at the thirteen Annual Festivals of the Royal General Theatrical Fund which he attended, four were reprinted in the published volume of his *Speeches*, and five others have been printed in *The Dickensian* from time to time. See Note, Vol. XLI, p. 13. Two others appear below, and the remaining two will appear in the next issue, reprinted from the *Proceedings* of the festivals, rare pamphlets generously lent to *The Dickensian* for the purpose, by the Secretary and Directors of the Fund, to whom we tender our grateful thanks.—EDITOR.]

XII.

SEVENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL HELD AT THE LONDON TAVERN ON APRIL 5TH, 1852, SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BT., M.P., IN THE CHAIR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS rose amidst renewed cheering, which lasted some time, and said he could assure them that he really was not using a common form of words, but was honestly expressing the feeling of the moment when he avowed himself at some loss, both to thank the company for their hearty greeting, and to thank his generous friend in the chair for the terms in which he had referred to him. Sir Anthony Absolute was of opinion that in love matters it was best to begin with a little aversion; and if he (Mr. Dickens) could only have started with a little coldness on the part of his friend in the chair, or even a moderate warmth on the part of that audience, it was quite unknown into what an admirable speech he should have presently soared. But a tribute so noble, and a welcome so cordial, he found to be very bad preparations indeed for such an achievement. Before referring to the Fund, which was the main object of interest with all of them that evening, he would take leave to say that he was exceedingly glad that his friend, the Chairman, had happened to allude to him in that company, in his Stage-Managerial capacity. Because he did particularly desire to express his conviction, in such a company, of all others, that the dramatic profession were very ill served by some misjudging friends, when they supposed that it could possibly be injured by, or could possibly regard with anything like resentment or jealousy, Amateur Theatricals.—(Cheers.) He had, for a brief space, assumed the functions of an amateur manager and actor, in furtherance of a cause in which his warmest sympathies and aspirations are—like those of his friend in the chair—enlisted; and to represent that the stage could possibly be injured, or could fairly claim any right to consider itself injured by such performances was to exclude it from the liberal position assumed in such wise, by every other liberal art.—(Cheers.) In literature, there were received, freely and without cavil, amateurs of all kinds—physicians, lawyers, officers of the army and navy, merchants' clerks who travelled, and saw strange countries—lords and ladies of various degrees—anybody who had anything to say—and possibly now and then somebody who had nothing to say.—(Cheers and laughter.) During the whole of the last season, a gallery was opened in Pall Mall for the exhibition of pictures of amateur artists; yet he never heard that the members of the Royal Academy were much aggrieved by the circumstance, or very desperately alarmed by its public patronage and success. So, in music. He believed it was generally acknowledged that some excellent lessons had been given to the public and the profession, by the knowledge and patience of amateurs in chorus singing, and that the production of some of the most admired works of the old masters were due to the exertions of amateurs, without the least injury to the regular professors of the art. The liberal and generous feeling which thus distinguished other kindred arts, surely was to be claimed for the Stage, as *its* just characteristic

too; and could not be better claimed for it than at the Anniversary celebration of its most comprehensive and its least restricted Institution.—(Cheers.) With reference to the General Theatrical Fund, he had been so often before them as one of the Trustees, that he found it very difficult to say anything relative to it which he had not said before, or which they did not all know as well as himself. Independently of the fact that their fund had been established seven years, and that their position was steadily improving every time they met together, the eloquence of their Chairman in proposing the toast of the evening, and their Treasurer's admirable acknowledgment of it had completely exhausted the subject, and he now stood before them a bankrupt Trustee without a leg to stand upon.—(Laughter.) If he could only have found one good vice in the management, he would have been well set up in business for the evening, and might have remained in a perfectly self-satisfied condition until next year. If, for instance, he could only have complained that the Institution was expensively managed, that there was nobody connected with the management who had any sympathy with the unfortunate members of the Dramatic profession; that none of them had had any experience of the habits or struggles of poor actors; if he could only have said that their Treasurer was a stern, austere man (Laughter), altogether a hard-favoured person, severe of countenance and very difficult to approach (Laughter); or if he could have said that the Institution was exclusive in its nature, one that required candidates for admission to its benefits to have complied with some trifling condition—reasonable, but not easy—such as having held an engagement for two or three consecutive years in the moon, or having appeared in Sir Edward Lytton's *Money* 200 or 300 nights before the Esquimaux; if he could have found any such trifling ground of complaint, he would have been at no loss for a topic. But, whereas in the General Theatrical Fund, the low comedian was not expected to have fulfilled those consecutive engagements in the moon; the tragedian was not required to have played Evelyn 200 or 300 consecutive nights in the icy regions of the North; Fenella, the sister of Masaniello, was not refused relief because she was only a dancer—nor Masaniello himself because he was only a singer.—(Cheers.) He had nothing left to say, in lieu of that great speech he might, and indisputably would, under these happier circumstances have made, but that he wanted a grievance.—(Cheers.) Indeed, he was so uttlerly at a loss for a grievance that he had had serious thoughts of abandoning these festivals altogether, and taking to attending those banquets which he sometimes saw advertised to take place in the neighbourhood of Freemasons' Hall, where he was informed that he could find all these causes of complaint ready made to his hand.—(Cheers and laughter.) Like his friend, Mr. Buckstone, however, he did not wish to indulge in any unkind expressions towards the other theatrical funds, as some old and esteemed friends of his were connected with them, and as he would wish to make them also the friends of this Institution.—(Cheers.) What he would suggest afar off, was, that these funds should make some change in their constitution adapted to the altered times, and he thought there was nothing so likely to reconcile all differences, and to do so much good to all parties, as a happy marriage.—(Cheers and laughter.) All he would say in his official position was, that the General Theatrical Fund was progressing steadily; that they had not the slightest difficulty to state to that company; and that the Institution was steadily and gallantly supported by the members of the profession.—(Cheers.) All who had the least theatrical experience must know how necessary it was in any play, in order to ensure success, that it should possess some female interest; no institution could succeed that was not backed by that influence

(cheers); and, therefore, it was with great pleasure that he learned from their worthy Secretary that a large portion of their subscribers consisted of the gentler sex.—(Cheers.) Nor were they wanting there, to shed on the assembly a grace which nothing else could give to it; for whether he looked before or behind him (and here he might be allowed to say that he almost regretted to occupy one of the posts of honour, and wished he were situated among some of his friends in a more private station at the side of the room) (laughter), he met with nothing but beaming faces, encouraging and gentle looks.—(Cheers.) On the part of his brother Trustees, and on his own behalf, he begged to acknowledge the toast with many thanks; and he begged to assure those present that they need not be in the least afraid, that evening, of troubling either the Treasurer or the Trustees by swelling their contributions in support of the Fund to an inconvenient amount; for they were perfectly ready to bear with the utmost cheerfulness the heaviest total with which they might think fit to burden them.

XIII.

NINTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL, HELD AT THE LONDON TAVERN, ON MARCH 22ND, 1853. THE HON. F. H. F. BERKELEY, M.P., IN THE CHAIR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS, who was received with rapturous applause, rose to propose the health of the chairman. On a recent occasion, he said they were informed that a respectable and active police officer had insinuated himself into the midst of an incorruptible election. This very intellectual person had reason to believe, from information he had received, that if he proceeded in a certain direction he would encounter a sage, between whom and himself a most mysterious and magnetic influence would arise if he laid his hand upon his nose. He obeyed these instructions, and in reply to the gesture alluded to, the sage observed, "It is all right, but there is something more," whereupon the police officer repeated the necessary cabalistic sign, which secured him admission into the mysterious region, and he took the chief magician into custody. If he might adapt this incident, of a not very agreeable or creditable nature, to the present very agreeable and very creditable occasion, he would suggest that it was all right, but there was something more. Without having applied their hands to their noses, they might be said to have placed them in grateful homage on their hearts, and also to their ears in listening to those sweet sounds produced by the musicians, and which gave delight, not only in themselves, but from the generous spirit in which they were uttered. They had used their hands in making those sounds very agreeable to the management of the fund, and in acknowledging the very admirable exposition of its claims they had heard from the chair. In reference to the chair, he would simply say that he hoped the "devil's" birdcatcher might always be able to lime so good a bird. He was too old a bird to be caught by chaff, whether of a celestial or infernal description. The chairman had laid the fund under a very great obligation, and the cabalistic sign which he was advised was the next in order was, that every gentleman present should empty a wine glass in his honour.—(Loud cheers.) They were fortunate in having for their president a gentleman who was the representative of a large mercantile community, and his presence afforded a graceful expression of that union of sympathy which should exist between the busy pursuits of life and its wholesome recreations. They also had in their chairman of the night one who was personally and pleasantly acquainted with the objects of their assembly. He, therefore, called upon them to drink his health, and when they had done that, he hoped they would recollect that there was still "something more."

DICKENS AND AUSTRALIAN EMIGRATION

AMONG the many social questions that engaged the attention of Dickens was emigration, a fact that has not escaped the notice of commentators, but it has remained for Miss Margaret Kiddle to indicate the very considerable interest the novelist took in the work of Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, which she has done in an article contributed to "Historical Studies, Australia and New Zealand" (Melbourne University Press), for July, 1945.

Miss Kiddle recalls references to emigration as a possible remedy for unemployment at home, in Dickens's letters to Forster as early

Caroline Chisholm

as 1841, and his interest in the subject during his North American tour in 1842, is also abundantly reflected in his letters. In 1843 the subject is first dealt with in his work, when in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the hero and Mark emigrate to America. Later in 1849, when Dickens was writing *David Copperfield*, it was to Australia that he sent the Micawbers and the Peggottys, following the fashionable path of emigrants of the day. This change, Miss Kiddle alleges, was due to the work of Caroline Chisholm which had become well known and had attracted the notice of Dickens.

This great pioneering social worker, was born in 1808 in Northamptonshire, where as a girl she took great interest in the welfare of the agricultural workers. Later she became the wife of Captain Archibald Chisholm of the East India Company, and her early married life was spent in Madras where she founded a school for the daughters of European soldiers. In 1838, Captain Chisholm, accompanied by his wife, spent a year's sick leave in Sydney, where he stayed until he left for service in China, in 1840. Even before her husband's departure, Mrs. Chisholm had begun to assist the homeless emigrant girls who roamed the city and for whom no adequate protection was afforded,

either on the long voyage from England or when they landed. In the early forties, prosperity had ebbed from Sydney and the girls quickly became the prey of the vicious section of the community, seldom small in a seaport town. This generous woman began by taking some of these young women into her own home but it quickly became apparent that the problem demanded far larger treatment.

In 1841, fighting the prejudice, then so widespread against women workers in social spheres and also against the unpopularity of her religion (Roman Catholicism) which was very marked in New South Wales at that time, Mrs. Chisholm persuaded Sir George Gipps, the Governor of the colony, to grant her the use of part of some disused barracks in which she set up a Female Emigrants' Home and herself became its unpaid secretary, for throughout her life she invariably declined to accept remuneration for her work. Then she set about organising great bullock-dray convoys of unemployed of both sexes to regions where labour was needed and her work was so rapidly recognised and supported that in the space of six years the amazing number of eleven thousand people were settled in employment. Her husband had retired in 1845 and was actively assisting her and by that time she determined to revisit England to set up an emigration scheme of her own which would eliminate the faults of the Government system, the results of which she had seen to be disastrous. Moreover she was determined to obtain facilities for the English wives of thousands of released convicts to travel out with their children to rejoin their husbands in Australia. Such facilities had been suspended in 1842.

Arrived in England, she embarked upon a propaganda campaign, and by 1848 her plan was ready and the Family Colonisation Loan Society was launched with the blessing of Lord Ashley (later Earl of Shaftesbury, the well-known philanthropist), Sir Sydney Herbert, Secretary for War during the Crimean War, and others. Emigrants were granted loans towards their passage money, and later that of their families, to be repaid from their earnings in the colony. Public support was essential, but by 1850 recognition was widespread and Mrs. Chisholm received the active assistance of Dickens.

There is no record of when they first met, but as Miss Kiddle remarks, " they had so many interests in common that a meeting was inevitable." There is something in " the way in which Micawber would pay back the loan (to Betsey Trotwood) that is reminiscent of the Chisholm Family Loan," wrote Major Humphry House to Miss Kiddle. It would appear that Caroline Chisholm had interested Dickens in Australia, and thus he was prompted to send the Micawbers and the Peggottys there.

In the first number of *Household Words* (March 30th, 1850), there appeared an article entitled " A Bundle of Emigrants' Letters." It was written jointly by Dickens and Mrs. Chisholm (see Dickens's letter to W. H. Wills, 6th March, 1850), in the first part of which the aims of the Society are explained. This is certainly the work of Dickens and served to introduce the letters from Australia which were supplied by Mrs. Chisholm. These, Dickens told his sub-editor Wills, he considered to be " extremely good." Of the many subsequent articles which appeared in *Household Words*, dealing with the Society's work, no others may be directly attributed to Dickens, but his editorial eye, and even more his pen, were ever on the alert and active.

In the second number appeared " An Australian Ploughman's Story." This concerns a convict's difficulty in remitting money to his family in England, which was another problem that Mrs. Chisholm had set herself to solve. The convict is ultimately reunited with his wife, an undoubted reference to the work of the Society. On June 22nd appeared a third article, " Pictures of Life in Australia," by " Mrs.

C." One of the descriptions, entitled "Wanted a Wife," betrays Mrs. Chisholm's views, and on August 24th the scheme was described with the greatest sympathy under the heading of "The Family Colonisation Loan Society." On May 31st, 1851, "Safety for Female Emigrants" appeared. Mrs. Chisholm's aims had by then been achieved.

Established at 3 Charlton Crescent, Islington, Captain and Mrs. Chisholm held meetings of intending emigrants, talked to them of their plans and received what subscriptions they could afford towards their passage. At last, after great efforts, between £500 and £600 was raised by friends of the society, advanced to the emigrants, and on 29th September, 1850, the first ship, the "Slains Castle" (503 tons), sailed with 150 emigrants for Melbourne and Adelaide, but not before Mrs. Chisholm had fought for all kinds of what she considered necessaries for the emigrants which the shipowners were at first loth to concede. Nearly all the voyagers had relatives in the colony and were soon usefully employed. A second ship followed and the society was fully established, but then came news of the discovery of gold. "The Gold Rush" started and "Diggers" poured into the country.

These were not the type of people whom Mrs. Chisholm wished to assist as desirable colonists for Australia, but the practical effect of the influx was that "Finance," as represented by the City of London, became alarmed by the desertion of the employees of Australian industries, and decided to finance the scheme under Caroline Chisholm's direction. They quickly subscribed £10,000, thus removing all her financial anxieties at a stroke.

"Three Colonial Epochs" appeared in *Household Words* on 31st January, 1852, praising Mrs. Chisholm's work as the only remedy for the evil effects of the Gold Rush, while a month later, on 28th February, appeared "Better Ties than Red Tape Ties," which tells of an intending emigrant who goes to the Chisholm's house at Islington, which is described in detail, as is his preparation by the Chisholms for his journey and settlement.

The last article in Dickens's periodical appeared on 3rd July, 1852, "What to Take to Australia," for the Society no longer needed Dickens's assistance, but its foundress continued to lecture up and down the country, enrolling prospective emigrants, as Miss Kiddle says, "like a female Pied Piper." She returned to Australia in 1854, leaving the Society with a £15,000 balance and completely free of debt, having already sent 3,000 emigrants of the best type to Australia and several more thousands were to follow in the succeeding years. She died in 1877.

Miss Kiddle sums up: "How much the *Household Words* articles influenced the Family Colonisation Loan Society it is impossible to gauge, but such publicity, from such a source, must have been of the greatest value. The discovery of gold made it unnecessary for Dickens to continue his campaign in her favour, for interest in Australia was more effectively aroused by this news than by anything else in the sixty-four years of the colony's history. But the true knowledge of Australian conditions which Mrs. Chisholm and Dickens had helped to disseminate before the gold rush was certainly of value during the years of hectic emigration which followed. And the articles on the colony which Dickens continued to publish helped further to make Australia truly known. It was this true knowledge which all emigrants needed, whether they were gold seekers or not. Their assimilation into colonial life was much easier and much more satisfactory, if they had not to abandon harmful superstitions in the beginning. Caroline Chisholm and Charles Dickens did their best to destroy superstition and make known the truth."

L. C. S.

The Daily News CENTENARY

ON January 21st, 1846, *The Daily News* made its first appearance with a circulation of 4,000 at 5d. per copy, with Charles Dickens as its first editor. This new vehicle for his zealous championship of the oppressed was planned with great care and launched with great enthusiasm, but the work rapidly proved uncongenial and his publishers incompatible. So that after but a brief space, Dickens's only attempt at editing a daily newspaper came to an end, but he left a tradition that has persisted throughout a century. This is not the place to recapitulate the history of the paper, but it may be said that under its modern title of *The News-Chronicle*, with a circulation of a million and a half copies, its position is as secure as any journal, older or younger, in the country.

On January 21st, 1946, its centenary was celebrated with pride in its past and confidence in its future. Preceded on the previous evening by a Broadcast Review of the century, a brilliant Dinner was given by the proprietors at the Dorchester Hotel, to which was invited a remarkable and distinguished gathering of five hundred guests, representing every phase of national life, the list of whose names reads

The copy of the first issue of *The Daily News* which was taken home by Dickens at 2 a.m. on 21st January, 1846, and inscribed to that effect by Mrs. Dickens. It is now in the possesion of Major Philip C. Dickens.

like an abridged *Who's Who*. The family of the illustrious first editor was represented by Admiral Sir Gerald C. Dickens and Major Philip C. Dickens (grandsons), and Miss Monica Dickens, the well-known novelist (great-grand-daughter), and the Dickens Fellowship by the Hon. Secretary.

In the reception room was an interesting collection of Dickens relics lent by Major Philip Dickens. It included the copy of the first issue of *The Daily News* which Dickens took home to his wife at 2 a.m. on the day of publication and bearing her autograph note to that effect (reproduced above), some shorthand notes in Dickens's hand, and a letter addressed by him from *The Daily News* office.

After the guests had been welcomed by the Chairman, Mr. L. J. Cadbury, Chairman of *The Daily News*, messages of congratulations were read from H.M. the King and the President of the United States. The Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, in his message, wrote: "When Charles Dickens started this newspaper in 1846, he intended that it should stand for the ideals of social progress which were dear to his heart. In one sense he looked upon the newspaper as a means for extending those campaigns for social improvement which inspired his great novels. The hundred years that have gone by since Dickens wrote his first leading article have been marked by wonderful changes

in the condition of the people. That is a process which will and must continue."

The Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, in proposing the toast of the evening, made reference to Dickens's fight against the factory conditions suffered by the children of his day, and in supporting the toast, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, in a most brilliant speech, spoke of the auspicious birth of the newspaper which "had the Crystal Palace for its cradle,* Mr. Punch for its god-father,† and Charles Dickens for its monthly nurse." Lord Rothermere also supported the toast, which was acknowledged by Sir Walter Layton, Chairman of *The News-Chronicle*.

The most popular speech of the evening was that of Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander in reply to the toast of "The Services." That of "The Next Hundred Years" was honoured by Mr. Gerald Barry, Editor of *The News-Chronicle*, and acknowledged by Prof. Julian Huxley on behalf of Science, and by Mr. Geoffrey Crowther, Editor of *The Economist*, in speeches which would each have ensured the success of any ordinary Dinner.

A distinctive feature of the evening was the heralding of the toasts by a company of twelve Kneller Hall trumpeters.

Possibly Dickens regretted the brevity of his reign in a Fleet Street editorial chair, despite his eagerness to be free of the ties such a position entailed but surely he would have delighted in the knowledge that the principles he advocated a hundred years ago remain those of his successors to-day. The political creed of *The News-Chronicle* is now in eclipse, but, quoting Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, to that newspaper "no just cause is a lost cause," and that surely is the spirit in which Dickens uncompromisingly pursued his ideals. L. C. S.

* Sir Joseph Paxton, designer of the Crystal Palace, was one of the chief proprietors of *The Daily News*.

† *Punch* was published by Bradbury and Evans who also published *The Daily News*.

POE—SCRIPT

By LEO MASON

IN the year 1848 James Russell Lowell published a *jeu d'esprit* entitled "A Fable for Critics," which was a species of rhyming commentary on the work of the leading American literary men and women of his day.

The "Fable," which has now descended into the limbo of forgotten things, nevertheless, contains one or two references which are of interest to Dickensians. Lowell, after commenting on the slavish respect paid by American authors to the opinions expressed by English critics, asks one of his literary personages:

> "What news from that suburb of London and Paris,
> Which latterly makes such shrill claims to monopolize,
> The credit of being the New World's metropolis?"

The literary man replies:

> "Why nothing of consequence save this attack
> On my friend there, behind, by some pitiful hack,
> Who thinks every national author a poor one
> That isn't a copy of something that's foreign
> And assaults the American Dick(ens)."

In the foregoing instance Lowell made use of the name Dickens to

indicate the highest degree of originality which could be displayed by a writer, but later as his satire progressed and after he had commented on the virtues and failings of the more eminent American authors, he devoted his attention to the smaller fry, of whom he says :

> There come in lots
> The American Bulwers, Disraelis and Scotts,
> And in short the American everything-elses.
> Why ! there's scarcely a huddle of log-huts and shanties
> That has not brought forth its own Miltons and Dantes ;
> I myself know ten Byrons, one Coleridge, three Shelleys,
> Two Raphaels, six Titians (I think), one Apelles,
> Leonardos and Rubenses plenty as lichens,
> One (but that one is plenty) American Dickens.

This time Lowell referred to some particular writer and a perusal of the miscellaneous writings of Edgar Allan Poe reveals who the particular author was.

Poe, as we have pointed out in previous articles, held the art of Dickens in the highest esteem and once again championed his literary idol by giving vent to a little trenchant criticism of the work of the so-called " American Dickens."

Poe writes : " Mr. Neal has acquired a very extensive reputation through his ' Charcoal Sketches,' a series of papers originally written for the ' Saturday News ' of this city, and afterwards published in book form, with illustrations by Johnston. The whole design of the ' Charcoal Sketches ' may be stated as the depicting of the wharf and street loafer ; but this design has been executed altogether in caricature. The extreme of burlesque runs throughout the work, which is chargeable with a tedious repetition of slang and incident. The loafer always declaims the same nonsense, in the same style, gets drunk in the same way, and is taken to the watch-house after the same fashion. Reading one chapter of the book we read all. Any single description would have been an original idea well executed, but the dose is repeated *ad nauseam*, and betrays a woeful poverty of invention. The manner in which Mr. Neal's book was belauded by his personal friends of the Philadelphia press speaks little for their independence, or less for their taste. To dub the author of these ' Charcoal Sketches ' (which are really very excellent police reports) with the title of ' the American Dickens ' is either outrageous nonsense or malevolent irony."

Further interest to readers of *The Dickensian* in regard to " Charcoal Sketches " is provided by the statement of a writer, who, dealing with early American humorists in " The Cambridge History of American Literature " (1933), records : " The influence of Dickens is potent in ' Charcoal Sketches or Scenes in a Metropolis ' (1840), by Joseph Clay Neal (1807-47), whose work was seen through the press in England by Dickens himself."

We are not aware of any evidence in support of the statement contained in the latter part of the foregoing sentence, and while being possible it is nevertheless highly improbable that Dickens saw the work of Neal through the English press.

Yet another comment in " A Fable for Critics," this time in reference to Edgar Allan Poe, might be conveniently recorded here. Lowell writes :

> " There comes Poe, with his Raven like Barnaby Rudge,
> Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
> Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
> In a way to make all men of common sense damn metres ;
> Who has written some things far the best of their kind ;
> But somehow the heart seems squeezed out by the mind."

Poe criticised the " Fable " at some length and singled out the

foregoing passage for special comment, but made no reference to the first two lines. Thus the association of ideas contained in the first line might be cited as direct evidence in support of the claim that Poe's poem "The Raven" was inspired by his reading of *Barnaby Rudge*.

Further perusal of the miscellaneous writings of Poe has also provided us with direct evidence as to the respective authorship of the reviews of Dickens's works contained in our article entitled "Poe and the 'Messenger'." Commenting on the work of Judge Beverly Tucker, of the College of William and Mary, Virginia, Poe writes: "Tucker is the author of one of the best novels ever published in America—'George Balcombe.' He has written a great deal also for the 'Southern Literary Messenger' at different times; and at one period acted in part, if not altogether, as editor of the magazine, which is indebted to him for some very racy articles, in the way of criticism especially. He is apt, however, to be led away by personal feelings, and is more given to vituperation for the mere sake of point or pungency than is altogether consonant with his character as judge. Some five years ago there appeared in the 'Messenger,' under the editorial head, an article on the subject of the *Pickwick Papers* and some other productions of Mr. Dickens. This article, which abounded in well-written but extravagant denunciation of everything composed by the author of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and which prophesied his immediate downfall, we have reason to believe was from the pen of Judge Beverly Tucker. We take this opportunity of mentioning the subject, because the odium of the paper in question fell altogether upon our shoulders, and it is a burthen we are not disposed and never intended to bear. The review appeared in May we think, and we had retired from the 'Messenger' in the January preceding. About eighteen months previously, and when Mr. Dickens was scarcely known to the public at all, except as the author of some brief tales and essays, the writer of this article took occasion to predict in the 'Messenger,' and in the most emphatic manner, that high and just distinction which the author in question has attained."

There is just one further item of interest which should be recorded in this place. Shortly after Dickens had founded the *Daily News* in January, 1846, there is evidence to show that Edgar Allan Poe again communicated with Charles Dickens and sent him a presentation copy of his works. In his letter Poe once again appealed to Dickens, this time to favour him with an appointment as American correspondent on the staff of the *Daily News*. Dickens acknowledged the communication in a letter dated 19th March, 1846, in which he says: "Although I have not yet received your volume I avail myself of a leisure moment to thank you for it." He then refers to Poe's request regarding the *Daily News*, pointing out that he is in no way connected with the editorial or management of the paper and refers him to the new editor.

Dickens, it will be remembered, relinquished the editorship within three weeks of the founding of the "Daily News" and was succeeded by John Forster.

The foregoing information is contained in an unpublished letter from Dickens to Poe in the manuscript room of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

This postscript to our previous articles printed in *The Dickensian** would appear to round off all the available information concerning the associations of Dickens and Poe. Dickensian research, however, seems to have an almost inexhaustable field to work in, items of fresh interest are continually being brought to light and the future may reveal some further interesting sidelights on our two authors.

* *The Dickensian*, 1940, pp.109 and 163, and 1943, p. 21.

NOTES ON *LITTLE DORRIT*

By T. W. HILL

(*Continued from page* 44)

Book II

Chapter VII—*continued*

6. SIZAR OF THAT COLLEGE. That is the College of Prunes and Prism. The term sizar is peculiar to the universities of Cambridge and Dublin and is applied to a class of students who at one time had an allowance of "size" (shortened form of assize or allowance), *i.e.* victuals from the college buttery. Formerly they had to undertake certain menial offices such as waiting at table, but this is no longer the case. Dickens uses the word sizar instead of undergraduate and it seems legitimate to wonder whether Little Dorrit ever took her degree in Mrs. General's College.

7. PERFECT FURY. Fury is of course madness and as a colloquialism is a passionate and consuming enthusiasm.

8. SOMEBODY ELSE'S CORK LEGS. Cork, because of the numbness that often overtakes tired sightseers.

9. SOMEBODY ELSE'S SIEVE. The whole of this paragraph is an indictment of those people who are either too indolent or incompetent to exercise their own judgment, and follow slavishly other folks' opinions.

Chapter VIII

1. CARRY A CAP WHICH FITS YOU. See Book I, Chapter XXXI, Note 6.

2. SEMI-FAMILY, ETC. A good instance of Dickens's repetitive mannerism; semi-going is especially descriptive. Another instance in this book is with reference to Miss Wade's lodging: "a dead sort of house with a dead wall . . . a dead gateway . . . a dead sort of spring, etc., etc." Another is the opening paragraph of the novel.

Chapter IX

1. HOME IS HOME. This proverb: "Home is home, though it's never so homely" is to be found in a collection of the seventeenth century.

2. LAMPLIGHTER. See Book I, Chapter III, Note 6.

3. UP FROM THE WHARVES. Many of the steep streets on the south side of the Strand down to the riverside wharves disappeared when the Victoria Embankment was constructed in 1864-1870.

4. ADELPHI TERRACE. Built on arches and vaults, this terrace used, before the construction of the Embankment mentioned above, to overhang the water when the tide was full and the mud-flats when the tide was out.

5. NEAREST BRIDGE OF STONE. This was the old Waterloo Bridge opened in 1817. A toll of twopence for vehicles may account for Dickens's remark "no traffic." The toll was abolished in 1878. One of the arches of the bridge became unsafe in 1934, and after some delays and discussion, the bridge was finally condemned and demolished in 1935; the present bridge was opened in 1944. The architect of the first bridge was John Rennie; that of the new bridge Sir Giles Gilbert Scott.

6. WHITE MICE. These little animals, partly trained, were among the exhibits of the Italian pedlars in the streets; there were also green parakeets trained to pick from a box a card containing the purchaser's "fortune."

7. VENICE PRESERVED. "Venice Preserved: or a Plot discovered" is the title of a tragedy by Thomas Otway (1651-1685). Flora may well have seen the play as it was constantly revived during the early nineteenth century.

8. MANTUA . . . MANTUA-MAKING. Flora was quite right to raise the doubt. The obsolete "mantua" for a lady's gown has nothing to do with the Italian city of Mantua, as it is derived from the Spanish manto, a mantle or cloak.

9. PELERINE. A lady's long cape ending in front in two points. The word derives from French pélerin, a pilgrim, as it is an adaptation of a pilgrim's cloak.

Chapter X

1. BAG-WIG. A peruke to which is attached an elaborate silken purse or bag tied at the back with a silk bow.

Chapter XII

1. FALL OUT BY THE EARS. Jangle or wrangle among yourselves. The ears are the little handles of jugs or pots, and to wrangle is to imitate the sound of a row of pots or jugs threaded on a string by the handles.

2. BASILISK. The fabulous basilisk was a reptilian creature so-called from the crown-like crest on its head (basiliskos is the diminutive of basilius, a king), hatched by a serpent from a cock's egg. Its breath killed vegetation and its glance was fatal to human beings. Now one begins to understand Mr. Merdle's terror of the Chief Butler.

3. ENEMY OF MANKIND. An ingenious paraphrase of "sold themselves to the Devil."

4. DAYS OF WHITTINGTON. That is, the period of the fourteenth century.

5. COLOSSUS. One of the seven wonders of the world. A gigantic statue of the Sun-God erected in the third century B.C., overlooking the harbour at Rhodes. Its construction took twelve years; it was bronze and stood over one hundred feet high, so that it was said that ships might sail between its legs; hence arose the apochryphal legend that it stood astride the harbour mouth. The Colossus was overthrown by an earthquake fifty years after its erection.

6. IN BANCO. Sittings *in banco* are sessions of a Superior Court of Law as a full court, as distinguished from sittings at Nisi Prius or on circuit.

7. SINCE LAWS WERE MADE FOR EVERY DEGREE. There is no need for Bar to apologise for the correctness of this quotation from "The Beggar's Opera." Dickens's memory, always accurate, did not play him false.

8. TAKING COLD AT A CONFIRMATION. If Dickens brought this phrase in as a bit of local colour, he has used much too deep a tint, as it is most unlikely that a Bishop (unless in very very exceptional circumstances) would take his wife with him to a Confirmation Service.

9. CURE OF SOULS. A charge or responsibility for the spiritual welfare of people. Hence a Curate is one in charge of a parish. Cure is wholly unconnected with care meaning concern or liability; it is also unconnected with cure, a remedy.

10. WHERE DOCTORS DISAGREE. From Pope's "Moral Essays":

> "Who shall decide when doctors disagree
> And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?"

11. JOHNSON'S CELEBRATED ACQUAINTANCE. Hardly a correct description of an unnamed person. The passage in Boswell's "Life of Johnson" under date 1770 reads: "Speaking of a dull tiresome fellow, whom he chanced to meet, he said: 'That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.'"

12. TWO COWS IN THE CUYP PICTURE. The picture in the National Gallery, by Albert Cuyp (1620-1691), which was at one time popular in reproductions, bears no title and is catalogued simply "Cattle and Figures." The allusion to Lord Decimus is apt as well as humorous as the cows lie placidly with their legs closely tucked under them.

13. DAME'S HOUSE AT ETON. The system of placing lady-housekeepers in charge of the boarding houses at Eton has long been discontinued in favour of Housemasters. Dickens had an intimate knowledge of Eton College as his eldest son was there from 1849 to 1852 and was placed "as a boarder with Mr. Evans."

14. ETON PEARS AND PARLIAMENTARY PAIRS. This particularly poor pun is apparently introduced to emphasize the limited intelligence of Lord Decimus and the fulsome toadism of Bar. There is no trace of any traditional connexion between Eton and pears.

15. BLACKING. It seems, at first sight, curious that Ferdinand should have hazarded "blacking" as one of the commodities in which Dorrit might have been interested in his days of affluence, but it is not the only instance of Dickens making a passing reference to the trials of his boyhood many years before he confided the story of his life to Forster. It may be added that there is no indication of the actual business in which Dorrit had been engaged.

16. LIKE FLIES TO LIKE. One of the oldest proverbs. The title of a play by Fulwell (1568) "Like will to Like quoth the Devil to the Collier." John Bunyan in "Mr. Badman" (1680) has a sentence spoken by Wise: "Hang them rogues . . . Like to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier; this is

your precise Crew." As far back as 1430 Lydgate wrote: "Alle thynge in kynde desirith thynge i-like." It should be added that the statement is not true of magnetised or electrified articles in which like repels like.

17. RELAXATION. A happy euphemism for what is humorously known as "Clergyman's sore throat," brought on by continually using the voice on a monotone without having sufficient proper training beforehand.

18. BUHL TABLES. Buhl or Boule is highly polished wood such as ebony or dark mahogany, or dark-coloured tortoiseshell, inlaid with brass scrolls ornamented; named after Charles Andrè Buhl, an Italian cabinet maker (1642-1732) who first made it for Louis XIV.

19. RESPECTABLE NEMESIS. The goddess Nemesis, daughter of Night, was originally considered by the Greeks as the personification of conscience, but later was developed as the goddess of vengeance who punished and humbled haughty evil-doers in particular. Hence the special applicability of the epithet to the Chief Butler in his relations with Merdle.

CHAPTER XIII

1. HEIGHTH. Female Bleeding Hearts affect the same pronunciation as Young John Chivery (see Book I, Chapter XVIII, Note 7).

2. SIXPENCE TO BLESS MYSELF WITH. One of the meanings of bless is congratulate, and that is the sense in this common colloquiallism.

3. HAPPY COTTAGE. The inscription on the Happy Cottage is: "T. and M. Plornish." T stands for Thomas; Mrs. Plornish's name was Sally (see Book I, Chapter XII), but after this point in the story she becomes Mary (see also Chapter XXVII below).

4. STRETCH A POINT. Stretch derives from the same root as strain, and thus to stretch a point is to put stress on or strain to the utmost any small matter.

5. EASTERN PIPE. Clennam had spent his life in China, where the tobacco pipe holds a piece of tobacco rather smaller than a boy's marble and has a stem about eight or nine inches long. But perhaps he had picked up at one of the ports on his way home a long bamboo pipe with a porcelain bowl.

6. BRED . . . IN IGNORANCE. This was written many years before the discoveries of Pasteur and the bacteriologists; it was the time when judges had herbs strewn in front of their benches to prevent the spread of fever.

7. JOURNEYMAN HAMLET. That is, like an amateur or inexperienced actor waving his arms about extravagantly.

CHAPTER XIV

1. GATE OF THE PEOPLE. The Porta del Popolo is the extreme northern gate of the city of Rome and Albano lies about ten miles south of the city and is a resort and holiday-place of wealthy Romans. Henry Gowan's acquaintance was select as well as widespread.

2. MOTHER-IN-LAW. For stepmother. Fanny was going to have two mothers-in-law; Mrs. General and Mrs. Merdle.

CHAPTER XV

1. EMBELLISH COPY-BOOKS. A part of the curriculum of teachers of writing and drawing was the art of designing elaborate scrolls such as those which surrounded and ornamented title-pages of books and music. The resilient points of the quill-pens of the period were more sympathetic to the varying pressure required for such work than the hard steel nibs of the present day.

2. LITTLE MARPLOT. Marplot was the leading character who spoilt everything in the comedy "The Busy-Body" by Mrs. Susannah Centlivre (1709): "That unlucky dog Marplot is ever doing mischief and yet, to give him his due, he never designs it."

3. BEGGAR'S PETITION. A poem first published in 1769, written by the Rev. Thomas Moss (1740-1808) of Trentham; the first stanza runs:

> "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man
> Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
> Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
> O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store."

4. BELISARIUS. (circ. 505-565 B.C.) One of the Emperor Justinian's ablest generals. After a successful career he was accused of treason, dismissed and imprisoned, but was restored six months later to all his honours. A legend of the twelfth century avers that from his prison cell he suspended a bag and appealed to passersby: "Give an obolus to poor old Belisarius who rose by merit and was cut down by envy." The same legend adds that Belisarius had his eyes put out but this has never been substantiated, although it is part of the theme of the romance "Belisarius," by J. F. Marmontel (1723-1799). In *Our Mutual Friend*, Silas Wegg calls him "Bully Sawyers."

5. SHE-WOLF IN THE CAPITOL. The catalogue of this and the other famous objects of interest are all brought in as a tribute to the Dorrit-Merdle worship.

6. ST. PETER DENIED. The Church, not the Apostle. The meaning is that the Vatican ignored the alliance, which was contracted before the British Consul, between the Merdles and the Dorrits.

7. SLOUGH OF DESPOND. The actual state of the roads in the neighbourhood of Rome is used as a figure of the prospects ahead for such an ill-assorted couple as Fanny and her husband.

CHAPTER XVI

1. POPULAR CONCEPTION OF GUY FAWKES. The children's effigy of Guy Fawkes on November 5th is a bundle of straw fitted with a mask for a face, and an old coat and cast-off trousers, and therefore has no hands protruding from the sleeves.

2. THEATRICAL SNOW. Traditionally, small scraps of paper.

CHAPTER XVII

1. BLACKHEATH. It will be recalled that Salem House Academy in *David Copperfield* was in the Shooters Hill district. Did Mr. F. attend the same school?

2. COLLEGE BACHELOR. Many of the Young Gentlemen's Academies had for their Principal a university graduate, usually a Bachelor of Arts.

3. PURPLE TIME. A change from "Times for ever fled." (Book I, Chapter XXIII and XXXV.)

4. RANSOM OF A MONARCH. "Worth a King's ransom," the expression for a great sum of money probably dates from the twelfth century when King Richard I was captured on his way home from Palestine and imprisoned. His ransom of 100,000 marks (about £1,000,000 in modern money) was raised by a special levy (1194). In the "Life of Wallace" (1470) we read: "His kyn mycht nocht him get . . . mycht thai hawe payit the ranssum of a king."

5. TEMPLE BAR HEADLESS. The last heads to be impaled and placed on Temple Bar were those of Fletcher and Gownley, two Jacobite rebels in 1745. They remained there till 1772 when strong winds blew them down within a short interval. After that Temple Bar was without such gruesome ornaments until its removal in 1878.

CHAPTER XVIII

1. MISS BIFFIN. A miniature painter who "exhibited" at fairs, etc.; born without arms or legs (1784-1850). Mr. Merdle's invisible hands gives his sleeves the appearance of being empty. Dickens uses this lady's deformity also in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *A Plated Article*.

2. WAYLAID AT DARTFORD. All the places mentioned were stages on the main coach road from London to Dover, but there does not seem any reason for Mr. Dorrit to be stopped at places so close together as Gravesend, seven miles from Dartford, or Rochester, seven miles from Gravesend, and even Sittingbourne was a short stage of eleven miles from Rochester. However Mr. Dorrit had his own equippage with his own courier and may therefore have been a possible victim for spoliation at every posting house on the journey although the whole trip would only take about seven hours.

3. CASTLE-BUILDING. Building castles in the air, or formulating fanciful projects, dates from early mediæval times and doubtless had its origin in the vain thoughts of people in cottages who emulated nobles in their fortresses. Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618) says in his "Historie of the World": "These were but like Castles in the Air and in men's fancies vainly imagined." The

French call such dreams " châteaux en Espagne " as there were no châteaux in Spain.

4. LE BRUN. If Dickens means that Dorrit's face expressed the nature of his thoughts on castle-building the reference is to Le-Duc (Eugène Viollet-le-Duc) the famous architect (1814-1870) who restored so many French mediæval castles. If, however, Dickens means only that the cripples studied Dorrit's face to see if he looked generous, the reference may be to Charles Le Brun (1619-1690) the French historical painter who was a master of physiognomical expression.

CHAPTER XIX

1. COURIER IN THE RUMBLE. The rumble is the seat at the back and outside the body of the closed carriage, so-called as in it the sound of the wheels over the rough road-surfaces was most perceptible.

2. LIKE THE GOTHS REVERSED. The Goths or Vandals entered Rome for the purpose of sacking the city and removing all its treasures ; Mr. Dorrit was bringing all his treasures into it.

3. SANK TO REST. Mr. Dorrit died painlessly. His symptoms are very carefully set forth in this and the preceding chapters : (1) irritability alternating with affability with Young John whose visit recalls past years ; (2) castle-building on his journey ; (3) a pang of jealousy at finding Amy with Frederick ; (4) impatient and querulous with Amy ; (5) independence in getting his own refreshment ; (6) peevishness, " You are mistaken, I am *not* tired " ; (7) occasional dozes ; (8) uncertainty of his legs ; (9) attempts to find his old black cap ; (10) lack of sequence in his talk ; (11) aimlessness before going to bed ; (12) lateness next day and short spells of sleep during dinner ; (13) attempted gallantry and graciousness to Mrs. General ; (14) lateness again next day ; (15) shrunken elderly appearance in his dress-clothes ; (16) mental breakdown at the banquet with his hallucination about Marshalsea ; (17) difficulty in climbing stairs to bed ; (18) weakness and prostration and gentle decline into coma and death. All these manifestations, arranged so cumulatively, point to cerebral trouble, probably arterio-sclerosis and thrombosis following a long period of useless life and some privation producing an anæmic condition of the brain. Dorrit's age could not have been much over sixty judging from the ages of his children.

4. TWO QUIET FIGURES. Poor Frederick, there does not seem any real reason for him to die ; but half-starved, neglected, following an unhealthy occupation playing nightly in a theatre orchestra ; then the transition suddenly to travel, excitement, luxurious surroundings and rich diet was too much for his worn-out old frame and the effect of grief proved more than his tired heart could stand, so it stopped beating.

CHAPTER XX

1. PUT BY FOR YOUR PERUSAL. This contrivance for conveying information from Miss Wade to Arthur seems clumsy, although Dickens must have thought it necessary for his story. Perhaps it is due to the limitations imposed on an author publishing a story in monthly parts. Arthur's visit to Miss Wade was totally unexpected ; and there is nothing in the preceding chapter to lead one to suppose that she wanted, or had ever wanted, to see him again ; he had even to give a false name in order to gain admittance. And yet a manuscript had been prepared ready to hand to him on his arrival.

CHAPTER XXI

1. DEATH IN THE DUTCH SERIES. The set of woodcuts called " The Dance of Death," assigned to Holbein (1494-1543).

2. BREAKING MERE HOUSE-FLIES ON THE WHEEL. Breaking on the Wheel was a particularly brutal form of torture for criminals ; to use such a clumsy and elaborate means to kill a fly is an expression of extreme fatuity.

3. IN HER SOCIETY AND YOURS. A reference to the quarantine at Marseilles in Book I, Chapter XI.

[The whole of this chapter shews Dickens's power of character-analysis at its best, and is a sufficient answer to modern critics who accuse him of being unable or disinclined to undertake psychological investigations. Another instance of self-examination and self-torture can be seen in *George Silverman's Explanation*, written in 1868.]

Chapter XXII

1. TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO ONE. This proverbial saying is to be found with a slight alteration in "The Sweet-scented Miser," by W. Somerville (1677-1742):

> "For the next inn he spurs amain,
> In haste alights and skuds away,
> But time and tide for no man stay."

The saying is so well-known that it is subject to many variations.

Chapter XXIII

1. BRAZEN WALL. Brass in the scriptural sense stands for hardness and strength. Its use here is taken from Jeremiah, XV, 20: "I will make thee unto this people a fenced brazen wall."

2. OLD FABLED INFLUENCE. The influence of the Gorgons, three female monsters in Greek mythology, of hideous aspect, whose gaze turned their victims to stone.

3. LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE. The earliest form of this cautionary proverb appears in Chaucer in the Franklin's Tale: "Let slepen that is stille." A more modern version is found in Samuel Colvil's "The Whigg's Supplication or the Modern Hudibras" (1710): "It's best to let a sleeping mastiff rest."

4. ALLEGORICAL PERSONAGE. As Affery armed herself with a toasting-fork this may be a reference to Neptune with his trident or perhaps to Britannia on a penny.

5. WELL-KNOWN SPECTRE. The Spectre of the Brocken is a sort of mirage or halo seen on the Brocken, or Blocksberg, the highest summit in the Harz mountains in Saxony. According to German folklore the witches assembled here on Walpurgis Night (April 30th, the eve of St. Walpurga's Day) to indulge in the Witches' Dance (one of the scenes in Goethe's "Faust"). The spectre is the much enlarged shadow of persons on the summit of the mountain, seen at sundown and sunrise, thrown on the mist bank opposite to the sun.

6. YOU OUGHT TO IT. Affery is using the archaic idom now only occasionally heard in provincial dialects. The "ought" would nowadays be followed by the verb "begin" to which it relates.

Chapter XXIV

1. MOWING OF THE OLD SCYTHE. Father Time's implement is usually associated with the persons he mows down, but here it is figurative for the passing of time.

2. AROMATIC VINEGAR. A mixture of 1 oz. of camphor, 15 grs. of oil of cloves, 10 grs. of oil of cinnamon, 6 grs. of oil of English lavender, half a pint of acetic acid. It is usually poured over small pieces of sponge and kept in a tightly-stoppered bottle. It is a specific against headache.

3. QUINBUS FLESTRIN JUNIOR. In "Gulliver's Travels" by Dean Swift (1667-1745) the Lilliputians bestowed upon Lemuel Gulliver the name of Quinbus Flestrin, meaning the Great Man Mountain.

4. DISQUALIFIES ME. The custom of the period discountenanced the appearance in society of bereaved people during the official period of mourning.

5. YELLOW JACK. Yellow fever, so-called from the yellowness of the skin during an attack; prevalent in the tropics on both shores of the Atlantic. At one time it caused many deaths, but of recent years it has, through the discovery of its connexion with the mosquito, been brought under some control.

6. DEAR LITTLE TWOSHOES. An adaptation of the title of the nursery story "Goody Two-Shoes" which is attributed to Oliver Goldsmith and first appeared in 1765.

7. MOTHER-OF-PEARL PENKNIFE. A penknife is a knife specially adapted for cutting the nibs of quill-pens, and only a lady (or a fop) would have a dainty mother-of-pearl handled penknife in a mother-of-pearl box; doubtless all the other fittings in the box would also be of mother-of-pearl. But mother-of-pearl is cheerful as well as lady-like so Mr. Merdle chose a dark-handled knife for a dark deed.

8. CHELSEA VETERANS OR GREENWICH PENSIONERS. Both army and navy pensioners wore long frock coats that hung so loosely and had such long sleeves that their hands were more than half-hidden. Other references to

Mr. Merdle's habit of hiding his hands will be found in Chapters XXI and XXXIII in Book I, and Chapters XVI and XVIII in Book II.

Chapter XXV

1. PERFORMED . . . ON HIS OWN TRUMPET. In days of chivalry the champion was preceded by a herald, attended by trumpeters, who proclaimed his virtues and his qualities. By implication, one who was not important might have to blow his own trumpet and proclaim for himself his right to recognition. Shakespeare uses the phrase in "Much Ado About Nothing," Act V, Scene 2:

"To be the trumpet of his own virtues."

2. STARTLED OUT OF MORE WITS. As the accepted number of one's wits is five, this statement represents the extreme of shock.

3. HALF A GRAIN OF REALITY . . . WILL FLAVOUR AN ENORMOUS QUANTITY OF DILUENT. A periphrasis that is a logical pendant to the statement noted above. A diluent is something that increases the proportion of water in the blood stream, so, if the dainties gentlemen and ladies would have been startled by Physician's secret out of more wits than they had, their blood would have been turned to water by their fright.

4. BANQUO'S CHAIR AT THE TABLE. In "Macbeth," Act III, Scene 4, Banquo's ghost occupies Macbeth's seat, but is unseen by all except Macbeth himself, hence the succeeding reference that Mr. Merdle's presence "would have merely made the difference of Banquo in it", that is to say, would have been conscious of Merdle's presence.

5. A CERTAIN BIRD . . . HAS BEEN WHISPERING. An adaptation of the well-known proverb "a little bird told me," which is founded on the figure of speech for a secret, in Ecclesiastics, X, 20: "for a bird of the air shall carry the voice and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." The implication is, of course, "If I tell you, I shall betray the person who told me."

6. LAUDANUM-BOTTLE. It is common knowledge that laudanum (tincture of opium) is a very powerful soporific and anodyne; that is why a mental coward like Merdle would use it to make his suicidal act painless. The word was coined by Paracelsus (Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim, 1493-1541) for a special elixir concocted by himself, and was later applied to preparations containing opium.

7. BUSY BEE. An ingenous adaptation of Dr. Isaac Watts's Divine Song "How doth the little busy bee"; in this case the "shining hour" is provided by Bar's "midnight oil."

8. ENLIGHTENED AND REMARKABLE JURY. A recrudescence of Dickens's satire of the inflated style of address used by eloquent lawyers of the period. Readers will remember Serjeant Buzfuz's peroration in the Bardell and Pickwick case when he appealed "to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of his fellow-countrymen."

9. FOOTMEN OF RAINBOW HUES. The gorgeous liveries invented by rival gentry for their domestic retainers were often marvels of ingenuity and extravagant taste. In *Pickwick Papers* special attention is called to them on the occasion of the footmen's "swarry": one had a bright crimson coat and vividly-red breeches and a cocked hat, another was clad in a yellow waistcoat with a coach-trimming border, another was in greenfoil smalls, another in orange-coloured plush, another in purple cloth with a great extent of stocking, while another appeared in a light-blue suit with leaden buttons.

10. WISH TO LEAVE IMMEDIATE. The Chief Butler (Nemesis in Book II, Chapter XII) is the personification of conscience and must not have his fair fame smirched and "Mr. Merdle never was the gentleman."

11. TIME OF HIGH 'CHANGE. An Exchange (or 'Change) is a place where merchants meet to transact business and the time of High Change is the busiest period of the day.

12. ROC'S EGG. The roc, a fabulous and gigantic white bird with a claw as big as the trunk of a large tree, was capable of carrying off an elephant; it laid an egg equivalent to 148 hens' eggs. It is mentioned in the "Arabian Nights."

Chapter XXVI

1. PALACE COURT JURISDICTION. The Marshalsea was a small prison compared with the much more important King's Bench Prison, and Palace Court jurisdiction was an inferior court in Mr. Rugg's estimation and an insignificant affair that would not redound to his credit as Mr. Clennam's agent.

2. MRS. PLORNISH AND HER FATHER. Mr. Nandy must have got special permission to be out, or else he had permanently left the Union Workhouse in order to live with the Plornishes at Happy Cottage, as he is mentioned later in Chapters XXVII and XXXII.

3. DROVE TO THE OLD GATE. When Mr. Pickwick (in *Pickwick Papers*) and Mr. Skimpole (in *Bleak House*) were arrested for debt they were first taken to a spunging-house—Namby's and Coavinses respectively. A spunging or sponging house was a house or tavern, usually kept by a bailiff, where prisoners were lodged for twenty-four hours to allow their friends an opportunity of settling the debt, and so "cleaning (or sponging) the slate." Mr. Pickwick refused such aid and went on to the Fleet: Mr. Jarndyce paid Mr. Skimpole's debt and procured his release; Arthur Clennam knew he could not look for help so he "drove to the old gate" direct.

Chapter XXVII

1. ART IN THE RIGHT PLACE. A saying that became current when the heart was regarded as the seat of the affections, inclinations and moral character. To have the heart in the right place is to have it functioning normally and not misplaced or evil-disposed. (Cf., "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," Prov. XIII, 24, and "my heart was in my mouth.")

2. UPAS TREE. The tree that formerly was supposed, through travellers' tales, to poison everything in its immediate neighbourhood. The fable has persisted and its figurative use as a lethal influence is still current.

3. MARY. Mrs. Plornish. See Book I, Chapter XII, Note 3.

Chapter XXVIII

1. ELDERLY PHOEBUS. In Book I, Chapter XXV, Mr. Rugg had a "round white visage" and "a yellow head like a worn-out hearth-broom." He is now ruddy-headed. In either aspect he might resemble an elderly, that is, setting sun (Phœbus).

Chapter XXIX

1. PAVED WITH BURNING PLOUGHSHARES. In the dark ages, in the ordeal by fire, allowed only to persons of high rank, the accused had to carry a piece of red-hot iron in his hand, or to walk barefoot and blindfold over red-hot ploughshares. Tradition says that Queen Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, when suspected of a criminal intrigue with the Bishop of Winchester triumphantly vindicated her character by walking unhurt over nine red-hot ploughshares.

Chapter XXX

1. KNIGHT OF INDUSTRY. One of Dickens's literal translations. A French *Chevalier d'industrie* is a man who lives by his wits, a sharper. For Blandois's other qualities, see Book I, Chapter XXX, Note 4.

2. GAMMON. Humbug, from Anglo-Saxon gaman meaning sport, play. It is mere coincidence that the modern spelling is the same as gammon (Fr. jambon), the salted flesh of the pig. The frog in the nursery rhyme was right in regarding roly-poly, gammon and spinach as a delectable meal.

3. OVER-ROASTING A PATIENT. The "treatment" of the insane was formerly very cruel and among "curative" measures in lunatic asylums were flogging, solitary confinement, surprise baths (very hot), and roasting in front of a fire; all doubtless with a view of carrying out the early Christian theory of "driving out the evil spirit."

4. TOOK DOWN A HOOD OR SHAWL. These articles of apparel must have been Affery's; they could not very well have been Mrs. Clennam's own as she had been confined to her room for more than twenty years.

Chapter XXXI

1. CROOKED WAYS. See Book I, Chapter III, Note 7.

2. BEDLAM. A corruption of Bethlem, itself a corruption of Bethlehem Hospital, an asylum for the insane originally situated in Moorfields, removed to St. George's Fields in 1812, and finally to its present site at West Wickham, Kent, in 1931.

3. INNOCENT PERISHED WITH THE GUILTY. A frequently used phrase that is derived from Abraham's bargaining with the Lord with reference to the threatened destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah in Genesis XVIII, 23-25. "And Abraham drew near and said: 'Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? . . . that be far from thee . . . to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked, and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee.'"

Chapter XXXII

1. BILLS OF MORTALITY. A figurative expression meaning the metropolis. Actually, the Bills of Mortality are the Returns of Deaths compiled from parish registers, but since 1836 they have been superseded by the more reliable statistics included in the Registrar-General's Return. Registration of births, marriages, and deaths has been compulsory since 1874.

2. AFTER DOCTOR JOHNSON. Pancks was imitating, in his "paid to squeeze" and "squeeze to pay," Johnson's love of antithesis of which two may be quoted: "For we that live to please must please to live," and, referring to Lord Chesterfield, "I thought he had been a lord among wits, but, I find, he is only a wit among lords."

3. IMPERATIVE MOOD, PRESENT TENSE. This is only one of the many instances Dickens gives of his familiarity with the rules of English Grammar.

Chapter XXXIV

1. THREE KIDNEY ONES. That is kidney pies. Flora loved good food and was indeed "a little overgrown on substantial grounds" (Book I, Chapter XIII), and Dickens was fond of talking about food; he seems to have had a particular predilection for meat pies especially kidney ones (see *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XIX, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Chapter XXV).

2. WITHERED CHAPLET. This figure of speech adds yet another variation to the theme of Flora's feeling, and shews the fertility of her romantic imagination, followed as it is by "the column is crumbled, the pyramid is standing upside down on its what's his name." The reader may be amused if a few of Flora's other flights of fancy are gathered together under this head: "Dear old days gone for ever since when things are very different" (Book I, Chapter XIII); "That is past and was not to be, the past was a yawning gulf" (Book I, Chapter XIII); "golden chain no longer bound him; golden chain that once was forged; times for ever faded; there was a time but that is past; severed the golden bowl—I mean bond; romance was fled" (Book I, Chapter XXIII); "it was bliss, it was frenzy; when rent asunder we turned to stone; all was marble within" (Book I, Chapter XXIV); "one bright idea gilded the what's his name horizon" (Book II, Chapter IX); "linked by a golden chain to a purple time" (Book II, Chapter XVII); "for the sake of old times and old sincerity"; "the spell is broken" (Book II, Chapter XXXIV).

3. BRITANNIA IN THE MANGER. England was notoriously slow in recognising the merits of her own countrymen. It is only necessary to compare the experience of Daniel Doyce with that of Herbert Spencer who was fifty-four years of age before the Royal Society offered him the Fellowship and seventy-seven when the University of Cambridge offered him an honorary degree; closer to our own time Elgar did not have a university degree till Cambridge made him a Mus.Doc. at the age of forty-three. In both these cases the attainments of the scholars had been long acknowledged and recognised by foreign countries.

4. TOWARDS ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD. Doyce's journey was obviously to Doctors' Commons to obtain a Special Licence for Little Dorrit's marriage to Arthur Clennam. It was to Doctors' Commons that Jingle (in *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter X) went to procure the licence for his projected marriage to Miss Rachel Wardle.

ADDENDA

Book I, Chapter X

Took the dog with him by rail. Dickens has nodded, as is shewn by Note 8 to Chapter XVIII of Book I (*Dickensian*, 1944, page 203), the date of the story is 1826 and the first railway from London was the line to Greenwich, opened in 1836.

Book I, Chapter XVIII

2. HORSEMONGER LANE. The name Union Road given to this thoroughfare in 1865 was changed in 1930 to Harper Road.

For these two notes I am indebted to Mr. O. D. Savage, Hon. Secretary of the Johnson Society of London.

THE *PICKWICK* AT SEA

A BRILLIANT sun beamed on the freighter "Empire Pickwick" as she lay at Ogden Point, while husky Canadian longshoremen loaded her with fresh Canadian lumber to take back to London Town—to help rebuild that city dear to the hearts of all lovers of Dickens and his ever-immortal characters. But that sun was not less brilliant than the quick-witted and humorous entertainment provided by its Captain to members of the Victoria (B.C.) Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, who were paying a visit to the ship. In the hold were bricks and stones—the debris from bombed London, carried as ballast; on her deck the wherewithal to rebuild it, new lumber from a new land.

Captain James Jack is every inch a British sailor—with all the appearance, breeze and ease of a man acquainted with the seven seas. He has a fund of the most wonderful stories and told them as only a bonnie Scottish lad could. Some of the incidents related of the Battle of Britain were the cause of laughter instead of tears, and one only regretted not having been "over there."

Jolly also were the tales of banquetting in Russia on caviarre, not to mention vodka. A party there was *not* a success unless next morning "the morgue"—a place provided for the recuperation of those who had over-imbibed—was filled to capacity, the occupants being hauled to their resting place not on stretchers, but by the seat of their pants by strong-armed and burly Russians. Then there were endless stories of incidents with charming Russian interpreters—always of the fair sex.

After partaking of a toast to the "Pickwick" and all Dickensians in "Johnny Walker," members of the Fellowship enjoyed tea below deck in real pre-war style. After tea members of the Fellowship were conducted over the freighter. The wheel-house proved of much interest and in the Captain's cabin hung two pictures of interest to all of us—one a portrait of Charles Dickens and the other that of his most lovable character, dear old Pickwick. Both pictures had been presented by the Dickens Fellowship of London. We also saw another which had been presented by the Vancouver Branch. A letter from the late Editor of *The Dickensian*—Walter Dexter—was read to us by the Captain.

The President was heartily thanked by the Captain for bringing along so many ladies. Captain Jack explained that a sailor's life at sea was altogether too much of a "stag party," and he found the ladies of Victoria as beautiful and as charming as the fair city they represented ! ! Which clearly proves that he is indeed a bonnie, bonnie lad.

DOROTHY HEWITT WHITE,
Victoria (B.C.) Branch.

SOME DAMAGE HAS BEEN REPORTED . .

DURING the War, Lt.-Col. W. M. H. Spiller undertook a Survey of the Londo of the Life and Works of Charles Dickens and carefully recorded the damag sustained during the recent war from aerial bombardment by buildings men tioned in the novels or associated with the novelist's life. Based on this work Mrs. Gwen Major, aided by a small committee, has completed the Survey bringing it down to the date of the final attacks by flying bombs and rockets It is designed to record the damage inflicted on every building havin Dickensian associations, but no reference is made to those unharmed in th war of 1939-1945, to the sites of buildings demolished before that date o to any that were damaged or destroyed by other means than by enemy ai attack. Believing that this record will prove to be of considerable value t Dickens students in the future, our grateful thanks are tendered to Co Spiller, Mrs. Major and her committee.—EDITOR.

KEY.

B.U.	Building Unidentified.	DES.	Fragments only of the original building remaining, which may be restored or ultimately cleared away.
S.D.	Slight Damage.		
D.	Damaged.		
B.D.	Badly Damaged.		
DEM.	Demolished and site cleared.	W.S.	Walls standing.

SKETCHES BY BOZ

THE STREETS.

LAMBETH MARSH, S.E.—Mentioned in this Sketch. . . . *Condition*—Area B.D

SHOPS AND THEIR TENANTS.

LAMBETH MARSH, S.E.—Mentioned in this Sketch. . . *Condition*—Area B.D

HACKNEY-COACH STANDS.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, E.C.—The wedding coach party was seen here, whic " emerged from one of the inferior streets off Fitzroy Square . . . the bride, with thin white dress and a great red face . . . bridesmaid, a little, dumpy, good-humoure young woman . . . bridegroom and his chosen friend in blue coats, yellow waistcoats white trousers, and Berlin gloves to match." *Condition*—Area B.D

THE LAST CAB DRIVER

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, E.C.—" . . . one wet evening in Tottenham Court Road . . he was engaged in a very warm and somewhat personal altercation with a loquacious little gentleman in a green coat." *Condition*—B.D

FIRST OF MAY.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.—Where the boy sweep (who " believed he'd been born in wurkus ") might have been taken home (B.U.) to his " long lost parent." *Condition*—D

MISPLACED ATTACHMENT OF MR. JOHN DOUNCE.

CURSITOR STREET, CHANCERY LANE, E.C.—" Mr. John Dounce was an old boy . . . widowe resident (B.U.) with three daughters—all grown up, and all unmarried—in Cursito Street Chancery Lane." *Condition*—B.D

THE MISTAKEN MILLINER.

RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.—Mr. Jennings Rodolph " would back himself for any amoun to fil' Russell Square " (with his and his wife's musical performances). *Condition*—D

THE DANCING ACADEMY.

FETTER LANE E.C.—Mr. Augustus Cooper, in the oil and colour line, lived here—a stree even just before the war favoured by several of his brotherhood.
Condition—B.D. Much of E. Side DEM

HOLBORN HILL, E.C. (covered on its western end by the present Viaduct).—Along whic Mr. Augustus Cooper saw " an unstamped advertisement walking . . . announcing t the world that Signor Bilsmethi, of King's Theatre, intended opening for the seaso with a Grand Ball." *Condition*—Area B.D

THE BOARDING HOUSE.

GORAM STREET, W.C. (formerly Great Coram Street).—" in that partially explored trac of country which lies between the British Museum and a remote village called Somer Town." *Condition*—S.D

MR. MINNS AND HIS COUSIN.

SOMERSET HOUSE, W.—Where Mr. Minns was a clerk. . . *Condition*—D.

SENTIMENT.

HAMMERSMITH, W.—Minerva House (B.U.) was a "finishing establishment for young ladies where some thirty girls of the ages of from thirteen to nineteen acquired a smattering of everything and a knowledge of nothing." *Condition*—Area D.

THE TUGGSES AT RAMSGATE.

THE TEMPLE, E.C.—Their success in the suit which proved their inheritance was announced by "the man with the bag . . . from the Temple." *Condition*—Area B.D.

HORATIO SPARKINS.

BANK OF ENGLAND, E.C.—One of the four places to which Mr. Malderton's ideas were limited. *Condition*—D.

STOCK EXCHANGE, E.C.—This was another of the above-mentioned places. *Condition*—D.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, E.C.—The difficulty of tracing Messrs. Jones, Spruggins & Smith is now greater. *Condition*—B.D.

BOND STREET, W.—To which Mrs. Malderton and her daughters were going after the visit to Jones, Spruggins & Smith, of Tottenham Court Road, which turned out so disastrously. *Condition*—D.

CAMBERWELL, S.E.—The Maldertons lived here, at "Oak Lodge." (B.U.) *Condition*—Area B.D.

THE STEAM EXCURSION

GRAY'S INN SQUARE, W.C.—Mr. Percy Noakes inhabited "a set of chambers on the fourth floor" of one of these houses. *Condition*—Three sides almost DEM.

ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF MR. WATKINS TOTTLE

CURSITOR STREET, CHANCERY LANE, E.C.—Mr. Gabriel Parsons . . . was soon on his way to . . . Mr. Solomon Jacobs . . in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane." *Condition*—B.D.

THE BLOOMSBURY CHRISTENING.

BANK OF ENGLAND, E.C.—Mr. Nicodemus Dumps "was afflicted with a situation in the Bank worth five hundred a year." *Condition*—D.

CHEAPSIDE, E.C.—On the morning on which Dumps was bound for the Christening, it had rained and "everybody that passed up Cheapside and down Cheapside, looked wet, cold and dirty." *Condition*—Area B.D.

PENTONVILLE, N.—Mr. Nicodemus Dumps "rented a first-floor furnished (B.U.) at . . . Pentonville." *Condition*—Area D.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, PENTONVILLE, N.—Mr. Nicodemus Dumps's room "commanded a dismal prospect of an adjacent churchyard," which Walter Dexter in "The London of Dickens" thinks may have been the churchyard of St. James's. Grimaldi was buried in this churchyard. *Condition*—S.D. to Tower.

PICKWICK PAPERS

HUGGIN LANE, WOOD STREET, E.C.—"The Pickwick Club, so renowned in the annals of Huggin Lane," was founded here. *Condition*—DEM.

GOSWELL ROAD, N (formerly Street).—According to Walter Dexter in "The London of Dickens," "Mr. Pickwick's portion" was between Sydney Street on the East side up to where this Road joins the City Road at The Angel: "Goswell Street was at his feet, Goswell Street was on his right hand—as far as the eye could reach, Goswell Street extended on his left; and the opposite side of Goswell Street was over the way." (B.U.) *Condition*—D.

DOVER ROAD, S.E.—Gt. Dover Street and Old Kent Road. The Pickwickians went this way to Rochester. *Condition*—Aera B.D.

145 BOROUGH HIGH STREET, S.E.—Which may have been the shop where Bob Sawyer bought the ham for his party in Lant Street. *Condition*—DEM.

146 BOROUGH HIGH STREET S.E.—Where, presumably, Bob Sawyer purchased the wines, "preceding the bearer thereof to preclude the possibility of their delivery to the wrong house." *Condition*—DEM.

LANT STREET, S.E.—"There's my lodgings," (B.U.) said Mr. Bob Sawyer, and Dickens goes on to remember, "There's a repose about Lant Street, in the Borough . . . which sheds a gentle melancholy on the soul." *Condition*—S.D.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, BOROUGH S.E.—Mentioned in the story of the "Queer Client," and also by Bob Sawyer when directing Mr. Pickwick to his lodgings in Lant Street. *Condition*—S.D.

GUY'S HOSPITAL, BOROUGH, S.E.—Where Bob Sawyer was "a carver and cutter of live people's bodies. . . ." *Condition*—B.D.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, E.C.—Jack Hopkins was a student here, and Slasher the wonderful operator, and here the boy who swallowed the necklace was "wrapped in a watchman's jacket for fear of waking the patients." *Condition*—D.

THE TEMPLE, E.C.—" Scattered about, in various holes and corners of the Temple, certain dark and dirty chambers, in and out of which . . . there may be seen constan hurrying with bundles of papers under their arms . . . an almost uninterrupted s cession of Lawyers' Clerks." *Condition*—Area B.D. Much has been DE

HONEY LANE, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.—The inn to which Sam directed Mr. Pickwick—" Seco court on the right-hand side—last house but vun on the same side the vay—take t box as stands in the first fireplace, 'cos there ain't no leg in the middle o' the tab vich all the others has, and it's wery inconwenient "—*may* have been in this La *Condition*—DE

FREEMAN'S COURT, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.—Or in this. (If it were in Grocer's Hall Court, t was rebuilt before the last war and has not been damaged.) *Condition*—B

NEWGATE STREET, E.C.—Walking along here, Sam remarked on the coincidence of t Trial being fixed for " Walentine's Day," and then drew Mr. Pickwick's attention " a wery nice Pork pie shop. . . ." the " sassage factory." (B.U.) *Condition*—The street B.D., City e

ALL SOULS' CHURCH, LANGHAM PLACE, W.—" A representation of the spire of the chu in Langham Place, London, appeared in the distance "—on Sam's Valentine. *Condition*—

GRAY'S INN SQUARE, W.C.—In which Mr. Perker had his chambers, up " two pairs of ste and dirty stairs." *Condition*—B.D. Two sides almost DE

SOUTH SQUARE, GRAY'S INN, W.C. (in Dickens's day known as Holborn Court) " Phunkey's—Holborn Court, Gray's Inn." *Condition*—B.D. Three sides almost DE

GRAY'S INN HALL, W.C.—Mr. Pickwick, waiting for Perker and looking out of the windo noticed how the clerks looked up at the Hall clock, according to the hours at wh their offices opened. *Condition*—DES., W

CHANCERY LANE, E.C.—Through which Mr. Pickwick passed *en route* for the Fleet Pris *Condition*—North East, DE

SERJEANTS' INN, FLEET STREET, E.C.—Mentioned in connection with Mr. Pickwic journey to the Fleet Prison. *Condition*—DE

LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.—(The yard was all that remained to seen even before the war.) Tony made this Inn his headquarters. *Condition*—DE

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.—" Paul's Churchyard, Sir, low archway on the carri side, bookseller's at one corner hotel on the other, and the porters n the middle touts for licences." (The archway has long been removed and that particular cor much altered, but not bombed. The damage begins east of this, continuing rou the eastern end of the Cathedral and on a portion of the north side.) *Condition*—B

BANK OF ENGLAND, E.C.—Where Tony Weller, conducted by Wilkins Flasher and acco panied by Sam, " affixed his signature to a couple of instruments " by which obtained possession of the late Mrs. Weller's " reduced counsels." *Condition*—

HOLBORN HILL, E.C. (now covered by the western end of the Viaduct).—" Job Trott abating nothing of his speed ran up Holborn. . . ." *Condition*—Area B

MONTAGUE PLACE, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.—Mr. Perker's house was here (B.U.) and as Trotter and Lowten, charged with Sam's message, dashed up, they were greeted w " lights in the drawing room windows, the sound of an improved grand piano, and improvable cabinet voice issuing therefrom, and a rather overpowering smell of m which pervaded the steps and entry." *Condition*—

THE COLLEGE CHAPEL, DULWICH, S.E..—(" Dulwich Church.") In which Mr. Win was married to Emily. *Condition*—

DULWICH GALLERY.—Mr. Pickwick doubtless " may still be frequently seen contemplat the pictures. . . ." *Condition*—B

CAMBERWELL, S.E.; BRIXTON. S.E.; CLAPHAM, S.E.—Are all places where Mr. Pickw made his " unwearied researches." *Condition*—Areas B

OLIVER TWIST

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, E.C.—Little Oliver, held by Fagin, had as much chance of be seen or heard (by the outside world) " as if he had lived inside the ball of St. Pa Cathedral." *Condition*—

CLERKENWELL GREEN, E.C.—As Mr. Brownlow was reading a book at a stall near he Master Charley Bates decided he was " a prime plant " and proceeded accordingly *Condition*—S

SNOW HILL, E.C.—Near to the spot on which Snow Hill and Holborn Hill met, " a nar and dismal alley leading to Saffron Hill " branched off in which were Fagin's quart (In those days, Snow Hill lay a little more to the south than now, merging into Holb Hill where now the western end of the Viaduct passes, and Field Lane, where Fagi quarters were, is swept away. This can now be more clearly realised since the ru of many bombed buildings have been cleared away.) *Condition*—B

SAFFRON HILL, E.C.—Along here, from Clerkenwell, came Oliver with the Artful Dodg on his first visit to London. *Condition*—B.D., almost DE

SMITHFIELD, E.C.—" which might have been Grosvenor Square for anything Oliver kn to the contrary," when on his way to Chertsey. *Condition*—

HOLBORN HILL, E.C. (now covered by the western end of the Viaduct as explained above) Oliver trudged along here with Sikes on their way to Chertsey. *Condition*—B

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, E.C.—Passing this, Sikes looked up at the clock and remark that " it was hard upon seven." *Condition*—DES., W

BETHNAL GREEN ROAD, E.—Which must have been traversed by Oliver and Sikes on their way to Chertsey. *Condition*—D.
SUN STREET, E.C.— do. do. *Condition*—S.D.
FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C.— do. do. *Condition*—B.D.
CHISWELL STREET, E.C.— do. do. *Condition*—B.D.
BARBICAN, E.C.— do. do. *Condition*—B.D.
LONG LANE, E.C.— do. do. *Condition*—D.
HOZIER LANE, E.C.— do. do. *Condition*—S.D.
KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.— do. do. *Condition*—D.
HAMMERSMITH, W.— do. do. *Condition*—D.
CHISWICK, W.— do. do. *Condition*—D.
BRENTFORD, W.— do. do. *Condition*—D.
BETHNAL GREEN, E.—Sikes lived somewhere here. . . . *Condition*—Area B.D.
SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL, S.E. (formerly St. Saviour's Church).—"The steps" (where Nancy made her disclosures to Rose Maylie) " . . . were those . . . on the same side of the London Bridge as Saint Saviour's Church. . . ." (The steps are undamaged.) *Condition*—S.D.
ROTHERHITHE, E.—"Near to that part of the Thames on which the church at Rotherhithe abuts . . . there exists . . . the strangest of the many localities that are hidden in London. . . ." *Condition*—Area B.D.
RATCLIFFE, E.—From which Nancy had recently come to be with Bill Sikes in Bethnal Green. *Condition*—Area B.D.
PENTONVILLE, N.—Mr. Brownlow lived in "a neat house (B.U.) in a quiet street near Pentonville." *Condition*—Area D.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, E.C.—A long account is given of a visit to the Clock Tower (which is not the part which has suffered by bombing). *Condition*—D.
THE GUILDHALL, E.C.—Joe Toddyhigh overhears Gog and Magog commence their chronicles from the little musicians gallery. *Condition*—B.D.
GOG & MAGOG.—" . . . These guardian genii of the City. . . ." *Condition*—DEM.
THE TEMPLE, E.C.—Mentioned in the Introduction to the "Giant Chronicles." *Condition*—Area B.D.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

HOUNDSDITCH, E.C.—The Brass's office was "frequently impregnated with strong whiffs of the second-hand wearing apparel exposed for sale in Duke's Place and Houndsditch. . . ." *Condition*—B.D.
OLD BROAD STREET, E.C. (formerly Broad Street).—Brass says to Dick, "Sir, have the goodness to step directly to Wasp & Co., in Broad Street. . . ." *Condition*—D.
HORSE GUARDS, S.W.—Where, it was whispered, Sally Brass "had been seen in uniform, and on duty, to wit, leaning on her musket, and looking out of a sentry box in St. James's Park." *Condition*—D.

BARNABY RUDGE

CHIGWELL CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD.—Which figure in the story. *Condition*—D.
CLERKENWELL, E.C.—"In the venerable suburb—it was a suburb once—of Clerkenwell . . . lived that honest locksmith, Gabriel Varden. . . ." (B.U.) *Condition*—Area B.D.
CHARTERHOUSE, E.C.—It was in that part of Clerkenwell which was nearest to the Charterhouse that Gabriel Varden lived. *Condition*—DES., W.S.
BARBICAN, E.C.—Somewhere here the 'Prentice Knights had their meeting place.(If the entrance to the cellars was through No. 51, as A. W. Wickens suggests in his article in *The Dickensian* for 1931, p. 297, the house and back premises are undamaged. There is reason to believe, however, that the entrance was s ightly more to the N.E. In any case, the owners of the cellars declare them to be intact, but owing to the damage above ground, do not consider it safe to enter them at present.) *Condition*—B.D.
SARACENS HEAD YARD, 92 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.—(All that was left before the war.) At this Inn, Mark Gilbert was "bound to Thomas Curzon, Hosier, Golden Fleece, Aldgate," as stated when he was initiated to the secret society of the 'Prentice Knights. *Condition*—DEM.
THE TEMPLE, E.C.—"Who enters here leaves noise behind," Dickens writes in this work, though Hugh does not know this when he plies the knocker on Middle Temple Gate and is told "We don't sell beer here." While the Gates and Paper Buildings are undamaged, practically all buildings that Hugh passed are now in ruins. *Condition*—Area B.D.
CHEAPSIDE, E.C.—As Lord George Gordon passes this way, he seems the very shadow of the destruction to come. [Also figures in the Riots.] *Condition*—B.D.
WESTMINSTER HALL, S.W.—Where Mr. Haredale attacked Sir John Chester for "addressing an ignorant and excited throng" and inciting them to rebellion, and where later, Lord George Gordon was tried for high treason and acquitted. (The Houses of Parliament, before which Lord George Gordon presented his famous No Popery Petition, were the old buildings, burnt down in 1834.) *Condition*—D.

SNOW HILL, E.C.—The Rioters poured along here and along Holborn "constantly raking the streets in each direction" (It should be remembered that Snow Hill took a slightly more southerly course than now and merged into Holborn Hill, over which the western end of Holborn Viaduct now runs, passing St. Andrew's Church—then on its own level—and continuing to Holborn. This can now be more clearly realised since many bombed buildings have been cleared away. *Condition*—Area B.D.

FETTER LANE, E.C.—Langdale's Distillery, burnt by the Rioters, had a side entrance to this Lane. *Condition*—B.D. Much of East side DEM.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.—Lord Rockingham's house was one of those "blockaded as though to sustain a siege" (from the Rioters). *Condition*—D.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL E.C.—At the height of the Riots, when Hugh with the strength of a madman led at every turn, he was at one time seen to be riding "at the head of a great crowd straight upon St. Paul's." *Condition* D.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND, E.C.—Which withstood the Rioters. *Condition*—D.

ROYAL MINT, E.C.—One of the places the Rioters proclaimed they would seize. *Condition*—S.D.

LEATHER LANE, E.C.—Figures in the Riots. *Condition*—D.

ST. GEORGE'S CIRCUS, BOROUGH, E.C.—Figures in the Riots. *Condition*—Area B.D.

SMITHFIELD, E.C.—Where Barnaby and his father stood "hand in hand . . . gazing at the flames . . ." and where Barnaby knocked off his father's irons. *Condition*—D.

TOWER OF LONDON, E.C.—Lord George Gordon was imprisoned here, "in a dreary room whose thick stone walls shut out the hum of life, and made a stillness which the records left by former prisoners with those silent witnesses seemed to deepen and intensify, remorseful for every act that had been done by every man among the cruel crowd. . . ." *Condition*—D.

HORSE GUARDS, S.W.—Sim Tappertit, with Gabriel Varden's aid, was "established in business as a shoeblack and opened a shop under an archway near the Horse Guards." *Condition*—D.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

SNOW HILL, E.C. (which in the days when Dickens wrote this book, took a slightly more southerly course).—". . . just in that particular part . . where omnibus horses going eastward seriously think of falling down on purpose, and where horses in hackney cabriolets going westward not infrequently fall by accident. . . ." (which shows its former steepness, when no Viaduct carried its traffic safely on a level. *Condition*—Area B.D.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, E.C.—Which John Browdie thought "soizable" and by which Ralph Nickleby set his watch, stepping aside into a doorway to do so. *Condition*—D.

CHEAPSIDE, E.C.—Along which Mrs. Nickleby went "all down" by coach to Ralph Nickleby's house. And, "thirty five years ago Tim Linkinwater was suspected to have received a love-letter" and "vague information" was brought to the Counting house "of his having been seen walking down Cheapside with an uncommonly handsome spinster. . . ." *Condition*—Area B.D.

OLD BROAD STREET, E.C. (formerly Broad Street).—Ralph tells Newman to carry a parcel "into the City, to Cross, in Broad Street." *Condition*—D.

STOCK EXCHANGE, E.C.—The elderly Gentleman also referred to "the statue at Charing Cross" having lately been seen "on the Stock Exchange at midnight, walking arm in arm with the Pump at Aldgate." *Condition*—D.

CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.—"Madame Mantalini . . . lived near Cavendish Square . . . showrooms . . . on the first floor . . . notified to the nobility and gentry by the casual exhibition, near the handsomely curtained windows, of two or three elegant bonnets of the newest fashion. . . ." (If, as Beresford Chancellor suggests, Madame Mantalini's house was "four doors west of Wimpole Street, on the north side of Wigmore Street, this house is not damaged) *Condition*—D.

BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.—Referred to as "the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave Square." *Condition*—D.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.—"The aristocratic gravity of Grosvenor Square. . . ." *Condition*—D.

FITZROY SQUARE, W.C.—In Chapter 37 we read of its "dowager barrenness and frigidity." *Condition*—B.D.

RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.—The same Chapter refers to the "gravel walks and garden seats" of this Square (which are still there). *Condition*—D.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.C.—"Miss Knagg's brother . . . ornamental stationer and small circulating library keeper," had his business in a street off here. *Condition*—Area B.D.

LAMBETH, S.W.—In "a mean house situated in an obscure street or rather court, near Lambeth" Squeers rented a garret in the same house as Peg Sliderskew, and here his plans were thwarted by Nicholas and Newman Noggs. *Condition*—Area B.D.

HAMMERSMITH, W.—"Your dear papa's cousin's sister-in-law, a Miss Browndock, was taken into partnership by a lady that kept a school at Hammersmith," (B.U.) Mrs. Nickleby tells Kate. *Condition*—Area D.

THE TEMPLE, E.C.—The charm of the Temple runs through the book and its ruins to-day are the more painful to see. Yet the shadow of that charm still lingers and much may one day be restored. *Condition*—Area B.D.

PUMP COURT.—" There was a ghostly air about these uninhabited chambers in the Temple, and attending every circumstance of Tom's employment there, which had a strange charm in it. . . ." (*N.B.*—The Sundial is still to be seen on a north wall on which are the strangely appropriate words : " Shadows we are and like Shadows depart.") *Condition*—Almost DEM. It is not clear how much of what remains will be cleared away.

INNER TEMPLE HALL.—Echoes seemed to Tom " . . . to whisper of dark bins of rare old wine, bricked up in vaults among the old foundations of the Halls. . . ." *Condition*—DES., W.S.

MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.—Whose echoes also whispered to Tom. *Condition*—B.D.

TEMPLE CHURCH.—The same echoes muttered " . . . in a lower tone yet darker legends of the cross-legged knights, whose marble effigies were in the church." *Condition*—B.D., W.S.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, E.C.—Jonas " would as soon have thought of the cross upon the top of St. Paul's Cathedral taking notice of what he did . . . as of Nadgett's being engaged in such an occupation." *Condition*—D.

ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.—Tom, with a paper in his hand from which he has been reading comments to John : " Neither do any of these single gentlemen who want an airy bedroom, with the occasional use of a parlour, ever appear to come to terms with these other people who live in a rural situation, remarkable for its bracing atmosphere, within five minutes' walk of the Royal Exchange."

Nadgett sat on 'Change for hours, " looking over his shoulder for the man who never appeared." *Condition*—D.

AUSTIN FRIARS, E.C.—Where Mr. Fips's office was. (The Church is entirely DEM.) *Condition*—B.D.

THE TOWER, E.C.—" My feelings, Mrs. Todgers," said Mr. Pecksniff, " will not consent to be entirely smothered like the young children in the Tower." *Condition*—D.

THE ROYAL MINT, E.C.—Mark Tapley, in America, informed General Choke and others of the company that " The Queen of England . . . usually lives in the Mint, to take care of the money." *Condition*—S.D.

CHEAPSIDE, E.C.—Mr. Mould lived in " the Ward of Cheap . . . where the city strife became a drowsy hum . . . suggesting to the thoughtful mind a stoppage in Cheapside." *Condition*—Area B.D.

WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE E.C.—Mr. Mould's establishment was further described as " . . . abutting on a churchyard small and shady. . . ."

(If it were not next to the Churchyard of the Plane Tree—and I think that that would have been too close to Cheapside, it might have been by that of St. Mary Steyning, Oat Lane. Identification is more difficult now, for that whole area, right up to St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is one vast waste.)

Condition—DEM. Except a block or two at South end.

GOSWELL ROAD, E.C. (formerly Street).—To which Tom was " not true " in his endeavours to reach Furnival's Inn without being directed. *Condition*—D.

BARBICAN, E.C.—One of the streets in which Tom " bewildered himself " in this effort. *Condition*—B.D.

ST. BATHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, E.C.—Mrs. Betsey Prig was " of Barthemy's, or as some said Barklemy's, or as some said Bardlemy's. . . ." *Condition*—D.

HOLBORN HILL, E.C. (covered by the western end of the present Viaduct).—Bailey " walked along the tangible and real stones of Holborn Hill, an undersized boy ; and yet he winked the winks, and thought the thoughts and did the deeds, and said the sayings, of an ancient man." *Condition*—Area B.D.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, S.W.—" It is a notable circumstance that . . . many Chuzzlewits . . . have . . without the smallest hope of enriching themselves . . . set up as coal merchants ; and have . . . continued gloomily to watch a small stock of coals . . . The remarkable similarity between this course of proceeding and that adopted by their Great Ancestor beneath the vaults of the Parliament House at Westminster, is too obvious and too full of interest, to stand in need of comment." *Condition*—B.D.

PALL MALL. S.W.—" . . . in the first floor over a tailor's," (B.U.) near Pall Mall were the west-end offices of the ' Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company," while Tigg Montague lived in Pall Mall itself. *Condition*—D.

PARK LANE, W.—" Number fifteen-hundred-and-forty-two, Park Lane," (B.U.) was the address Mr. Tigg gave the pawnbroker when parting with what Martin thought to be a shirt for the loan of half-a-crown. *Condition*—Area B.D.

CAMBERWELL, S.E.—Both Tom Pinch and Pecksniff visited Ruth when she was governess in a family here, living " in a house so big and fierce that its mere outside . . . struck terror into vulgar minds." (B.U.) *Condition*—Area B.D.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK

ON another page is commenced the publication of a Survey of the damage inflicted on the London of Dickens by the Luftwaffe. Much dear to the Dickensian has gone but a very great deal remains. The George Inn in the Borough is among the survivors. I was once told by an architect who had been intimately concerned with the building for many years that its construction was such that theoretically it was impossible to say why it did not collapse, and yet, not only has it stood for 270 years but it has done so despite the repeated bombing raids.

The George
by Webster Murray

The old building is unique, dear to Shakespearean and Dickensian alike, and in our rejoicing at its almost miraculous survival of the hazards of the war, we welcome another edition (the fourth) of William Kent's admirable little history of the inn.* And what a history it is, although candour compels the confession that now that the glorious host of Southwark Inns have all gone except this fragment, The George takes upon itself the renown of them all and the spirit of an age—nay, several. This is not the place to expatiate upon its Shakespearean significance, but in its Dickensian aspect, is there a more important building in London ? Some enthusiasts would have us believe that it was here that Pickwick met Sam Weller—nonsense—but here we can see and, if we are privileged, stand upon the galleries similar to those that looked down that momentous meeting in the yard of The White Hart, but a few feet away. Mr. Kent presents the whole fascinating story of the place and a finer shilling's worth is not to be had in any bookshop in London. Visitors will find the booklet indispensable if they are to understand fully the meaning of this romantic relic.

In one particular, however, there is a change for the worse and Mr. Kent deplores it with me. A wall of the unique little tap-room, the like of which was not to be found in London, and seldom outside it, has been destroyed to enlarge bar space, quite destroying the character of the room. We have only Dr. Philip Norman's water-colour to remind us of what it was like. How the National Trust can justify such a piece of vandalism in a building given into their care is more than I am able to explain, but the sad fact remains and will be regretted by everyone familiar with the inn.

I find it impossible to resist thanking Mr. Kent in this place for the kindly reference in this new edition of his booklet, to my own sojourn at The George. It was a fine adventure and it is pleasant to be informed that that pleasure was shared by others. L. C. S.

*" The George Inn, Southwark," by William Kent. 1s. Published by the author at 71 Union Road, London, S.W.4.

IN THE BEGINNING . . .

By P. C. WILLIAMS

SIGNS of Dickens's genius are scattered freely throughout the pages of his works; to open one of his books at random is inevitably to find evidence of it.

This truth is exemplified if one examines particular parts of his novels; and to do so is to receive a wonderful lesson in the welding of imaginative genius and consummate skill. To appreciate Dickens's distinctive method is to advance a step further and to comprehend why its effect is so immeasurably greater than that of the forms more usual to-day. Let us consider Dickens's openings, as illustrated by the first pages of a few of his works.

Dickens was always greatest, of course, when he showed most individuality. This, one of the tests of greatness, is borne out by his opening chapters.

His least effective opening—from the point of view of lack of compelling interest—was when he commenced with an arid genealogical tree of the family he intended to deal with, as in *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*; though there is a characteristic touch of grotesque humour about the commencement of the latter that serves to redeem it. In writing thus Dickens was working from stock models, for the idea of giving a list of the hero's antecedents, through several generations, was a favourite device of writers until well into the last century.

When, however, Dickens was able to give full play to his genius, the improvement was immediate. Thus the first chapter of *A Tale of Two Cities*, though sometimes regarded as a parody on Carlyle, makes a more attractive opening than the first chapters of the works mentioned above. It is sufficiently stamped with his personality to make an instant appeal.

The genuine Dickens beginning is, I feel, better exemplified by such openings as that of *Edwin Drood*—a triumph of the dramatic, or of *Bleak House*—a triumph of illuminated observation. In passages such as these one can apprehend the real Dickens savour and the methods by which he achieved his aim.

At the commencement of *Bleak House* he strikes at once into a brilliant description of a London fog.

> "Fog was everywhere," his second paragraph tells us; "fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the watersides population of a great and dirty city. . . . Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs, fog lying out on the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog . . . gas looming through the fog in diverse places in the streets. . . . Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time—as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look."

Having fairly captivated the reader, Dickens leads him to Lincoln's Inn Hall—where the Lord High Chancellor sat at the very heart of the fog—and to the theme of his story: the legal fog of which the real one is symbolic.

Such thoroughgoing and irresistible processes are regarded askance in many quarters to-day. So many of our literary pundits cannot bear any elaboration. "Get down to brass tacks," they say, or "stick

to the point." In many cases the danger of proceeding by rule of thumb is depicted in these individuals, who may have repeated such rules until they have become a part of their intelligence, or even a substitute for it. A modern editor in a hurry might—had *Bleak House* been submitted to him to-day as a contemporary work—delete the elaborately descriptive beginning completely. His own version might read :

> " It was a very foggy day in November and at Lincoln's Inn Hall the Lord Chancellor sat at the heart of the fog."

" What more do you want ? " he would say to objectors. Yes, but while the reader is quite willing to take his word for it that the fog existed, they would have little chance of seeing it in imagination. When Dickens writes we have this opportunity. The picture comes to us complete. Happy people exist to whom a London fog is but a legend. By reading this description they could obtain as real an impression of it as if they had spent a day wandering about in the most acrid " London particular."

Though the opening of *Martin Chuzzlewit* has had its critics, the story proper begins with something as vital and arresting as anything he wrote, the symphony of the gathering winds. . . .

> " An evening wind arose, and the slighter branches cracked and rattled as they moved, in skeleton dances, to its moaning music. The withering leaves, no longer quiet, hurried to and fro in search of shelter from its chill pursuit. . . . Out upon the angry wind ! how from sighing it began to bluster . . . giving the old sign before the ale house door such a cuff as it went, that the Blue Dragon was more rampant than usual ever afterwards."

Equally memorable is his description of the wind's effect on the whirling leaves :

> " they crept under the eaves of houses, and clung tightly to the sides of hay-ricks, like bats ; and tore in at open chamber windows, and cowered close to hedges ; and in short went anywhere for safety. But the oddest feat they achieved was, to take advantage of the sudden opening of Mr. Peckniff's front-door, to dash wildly into his passage. . . . "

the following wind causing that individual's subversion.

The modern littérateur of the economist school would want to improve on this : to " simplify " it to :

> " The gathering wind blew the front door against Mr. Pecksniff with such force that he fell on his back."

Thus is greatness transmogrified. But it is the comfort of Dickens that the past is alive in his pages, when we have had a surfeit of to-day.

That inimitable work, *Pickwick*, begins in an unusual way, a way only made practicable by the fact that strictly it isn't a novel at all but something as episodic and essentially English as the Lord Mayor's Show. It possesses what any Theatrical Young Gentleman of the period would describe as a " curtain-raiser."

The introductory chapter where Mr. Pickwick defends his position as a scientific gentleman has but little connection with the chapters that follow. Indeed, when Mr. Metcalf Wood issued the story in his sixpenny edition he adventurously omitted the whole preamble, and no one could say that the book did not begin agreeably enough at the words " That punctual servant of all work, the sun . . . "

Setting aside the fact that *Pickwick* would seem to have been started hurriedly, before even the character of the work was finally decided, there is clear purpose behind the chapter entitled " The Pickwickians." Chiefly, it introduces the characters in their habit as

they lived, and shows us a brief glimpse of the club in action. It resembles a roll of drums that introduces some amazing cavalcade, or, to quote a modern instance, it is of the same purpose as those illustrated cast lists so often to be seen at the beginning of a film.

One thing over-rides all this, however. *Pickwick* was begun !

The two works *David Copperfield* and *Oliver Twist* are biographical, and open in the usual biographical style, with an announcement of the chief character's birth. But how much Dickens makes of this, how his humorous insight redeems it from the merely biographical.

The opening of *Dombey and Son*, with its description of the birth of young Dombey, is similar. Dickens tries for no special effects in these three initial chapters, but contrives to be interesting, vivid, and amusing. Fine phrases come easy when writing of splendid things, but the skill to take commonplaces and make them memorable is one of the attributes of genius.

Another biographical novel, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, begins simply and reflectively, in a manner eminently suitable to the character of the elderly man who relates it. There is a singular warm-hearted charm in these opening pages, commencing picturesquely and philosophically and merging imperceptibly into drama and action. A child's voice wakes us out of our reverie, and lo, the story has begun.

What of *Barnaby Rudge* ? Here is strong drama. Dickens, turning for once from the contemporary scene to a period a century or so earlier, proved that his touch was as certain as ever.

Chapter One is a masterpiece. Its ingredients make it one. Fine scene painting—Epping Forest ; quick action—the traveller ; mystification—the clerk's story. There is material enough here to set in motion two or three Gothic novels enlivened by touches of Dumas, Hugo and Scott.

Dickens understood the charm of novelty, and was master—apart from so many other things—of the unexpected. He often commenced a novel on an arresting, even a *bizarre*, note. Having mentioned *Two Cities* in this connection, let us glance at the commencement of *Little Dorrit*.

A prison in Marseilles. Strange starting point for a story of shabby genteel debtors, of poverty in the South London suburbs. Strange, but as usual, superlatively right. It acts as a foil to the remainder, and the Mediterranean setting, hard, sunny, a little sinister, is an apt backcloth for the first scene of Mr. Blandois's machinations.

The short first chapter of *Hard Times* is a sort of " close-up " of utilitarianism (we have the feeling that we are watching some unpleasant insects through a microscope), but in *Great Expectations* Dickens returns to the romantic treatment. A lonely child plays on the desolate Kentish marshes, and a desperate criminal breaks in on his imaginings. This passage is intensely vivid and effective. If there is any department in which Dickens was greater than in others, it was in his ability to see things with the vividness of the eye of childhood.

Our Mutual Friend, like *Bleak House*, opens with a striking piece of description. Now clear of the enveloping fog, London River seems even more sinister, and Hexam, as he plies his dreadful trade, resembles some evil spirit that troubles the face of the waters. *Our Mutual Friend* is *the* novel of the Thames, although the river appears in the background of many of Dickens's novels. Hexam, Riderhood, and many more who pick up a living from the river are the amphibious citizens of the dark, insanitary, riverside areas of a London that is passing swiftly away.

The dramatic impact of the first chapter of *Drood* has already been mentioned. Most people would agree that as a means of catching the reader's attention and holding it, it has few equals. It is the greater misfortune that this work should have a beginning but no end.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

A BOOKLOVER'S ANTHOLOGY

CHARLES DICKENS. "He looks about the age of Longfellow. His hair is not much grizzled and is thick, although the crown of his head is getting bald. His features are good, the nose rather high, the eyes largish, greyish and very expressive. He wears a moustache and beard, and dresses at dinner in exactly the same uniform which every man in London or the civilised world is bound to wear, as much as the inmates of a penitentiary are restricted to theirs. I mention this because I had heard that he was odd and extravagant in his costume. I liked him exceedingly. We sat next each other at table, and I found him genial, sympathetic, agreeable, unaffected, with plenty of light easy talk and touch-and-go fun without any effort or humbug of any kind." John Lothrop Motley to his Mother, March 15th, 1861: "Correspondence" (1889), i, 365.

DICKENS'S CHALET. "Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Swiss chalet (where I write) and they reflect and refract in all kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in, at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious." Charles Dickens at Gad's Hill to Mrs. James T. Fields, May 25th, 1868: "Letters" (1882), iii, 256.

CHARLES DICKENS. "His eye rests always on surfaces; he has no insight into character." R. W. Emerson, 1839, "Journals," vii, 163.

—— "A child of genius, not only a child, he never progresses, never improves, never studies, never restrains." Dr. John Brown, December 6th, 1855: "Letters" (1907), 107.

—— "No mortal man ever exerted so beneficial and extensive an influence over the human heart." Walter Savage Landor, December 23rd, 1843: "Letters" (1899), 127.

PICKWICK PAPERS. "So you never heard of the *Pickwick Papers!* Well! They publish a number once a month and print 25,000. The bookseller has made about ten thousand by the speculation. It is fun—London life—but without anything unpleasant: a lady might read it *aloud*; and it is so graphic, so individual, and so true, that you could curtsey to all the people as you met them in the streets. I did not think there had been a place where English was spoken to which Boz had not penetrated. All the boys and the girls talk his fun—the boys in the streets; and yet they who are of the highest taste like it the most. Sir Benjamin Brodie takes it to read in his carriage between patient and patient; and Lord Denman studies *Pickwick* on the bench whilst the jury are deliberating. Do take some means to borrow the *Pickwick Papers*. It seems like not having heard of Hogarth, whom he resembles greatly, except that he takes a far more cheerful view, a Shakespearian view, of humanity." Miss Mitford to Miss Jephson, April 30th, 1837: "Letters" (1925), 192-193.

—— "I am disconsolate that we have had the last number of *Pickwick*, the only bit of fun in India. It is one of the few books of which there has been a Calcutta reprint, lithographs and all. I have not read it through in numbers more than ten times, but now it is complete I think of studying it more correctly." Emily Eden at Simla to Mrs. Lister (Lady Theresa Lewis), April 28th, 1838: "Miss Eden's Letters" (1919), 298.

"For the love I bear you as a man whose writings enlist my whole heart and nature in admiration of their Truth and Beauty, set these books upon your shelves; believing that you have no more earnest and sincere homage than mine." Charles Dickens with a copy of his *Works* to Alfred Tennyson, March 10th, 1843: "Tennyson: a Memoir" (1897), i, 219.

"The morning of the funeral was very fine. Eleanor and I left 91 Victoria Street at twenty minutes past nine. As we reached the entrance to Dean's Yard, and as St. Stephen's clock chimed the half-hour, a hearse and mourning

coaches swept round the Broad Sanctuary; they seemed to bring with them an unusual stillness; then, as they drove under the archway into Dean's Yard, the great bell began to toll. There was hardly a creature in the street or in the Abbey, that 'Temple of Silence and Reconciliation,' and no one but ourselves knew whose funeral had passed, or for whom the big bell was tolling. Later in the day we saw the coffin in the grave, covered with flowers, and then there was an immense crowd of excited and sympathetic mourners." Frederick Locker-Lampson: "My Confidences" (1896), 328.—"Bookman's Holiday," by H. Jackson. (Faber.)

* * * * *

RADLEY SERMONS

"'To Mr. Dickens I once sent a volume of my Radley Sermons. He seemed to be thinking of the same subject of schools that I was when he drew his picture of Dotheboys Hall. And I thought he might be interested in Radley. But his reply, though courteous, indicated that we were far too widely apart in fundamental principles.'

"One likes to picture Dickens grappling with the sermons and wonders what he made of them."—"A Forgotten Genius: Sewell of St. Columba's and Radley," by L. James. (Faber.)

* * * * *

EGO 7

"There is one word that I want somebody to use about me when I die: that is the word 'prodigious' . . . Hazlitt wrote some 2½ million words in the course of eighteen years. . . . In the same period Balzac wrote some 4½ million words. Dickens's books, starting in 1836 with *Sketches by Boz* and finishing in 1870 with *Edwin Drood*, run to some 5½ million words. A period, note, of thirty-four years. . . . Since September 1921 . . . I have written something over 6 million words! And this in the course of 22 years, not 34! I am well aware that Dickens did a great deal of journalistic work which I have not included. As against this, I have not counted any of my seven years' work on the 'Manchester Guardian.' Or my seven years with the B.B.C.

"Some years ago I contributed, to a volume published by Chapman and Hall entitled 'A Pickwickian Gallery,' a chapter which I called 'The Smallest Fry.' This included such obscure people as Mrs. Mudberry, 'which kept a mangle,' and Mrs. Bunkin, 'which clear-starched.' Also the Pot-boy, the Muffin Youth, the Baked-potato Man, the large-headed Young Man in a black wig who brought with him to Bob Sawyer's party a Scorbutic Youth in a long stock, the Gentleman at the same party who wore a shirt emblazoned with pink anchors, the Pale Youth of the plated watch-guard, the Prim Man in the cloth boots who had forgotten his anecdote but hoped he should manage to recollect it in the course of half an hour or so. Yesterday Arthur Moreland . . . gave me a copy of A. L. Hayward's 'The Dickens Encyclopædia,' which he thought more practical than leaving it me in his will. As I have posed as an authority on Dickens, at least as regards some of his minor characters, I decided to play a game with myself and test my memory by shutting my eyes and dabbing into the encyclopædia with a pencil. The result? I found that I didn't remember that the inebriated gentleman in the last depths of shabbiness who played calm and virtuous old men in Mr. Crummles's company was called Fluggers. I had forgotten that the youngest Pardiggle, the five-year-old who was pledged never through life to use tobacco in any form, was named Alfred. Similarly it had escaped me that Graymarsh was the name of the pupil at Dotheboys Hall whose maternal aunt thought Mrs. Squeers an angel. Here and there I scored some small successes. I had not forgotten that Mr. Pidger was that former suitor of Miss Lavinia Spenlow, by virtue of whom she claimed to be an authority on the affairs of the heart. I knew all about Sir Tumley Snuffim, and Mrs. Bayham Badger's three husbands. But, alas, I had forgotten that the Chairman of the United Metropoliten Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company was Sir Matthew Pupker. And I was horrified to find that I did not remember that Lady Scadgers was Mrs. Sparsit's great-aunt, bed-ridden for fourteen years. Was it, perhaps, disgraceful not to recognise in 'Lambs could not forgive nor worms forget' the accents of Mrs. Gamp? More forgivable, perhaps, to be caught out over Spiller and Spoker, the artists who executed the portrait and bust of Mr.

Pecksniff. P.'s Christian name ? Seth, of course. What relation to old Martin Chuzzlewit ? Cousin. To Jonas Chuzzlewit ? Father-in-law. Which daughter married Jonas ? Mercy. Name of t'other daughter, Charity. Engaged to whom ? Augustus Moddle. Was this engagement carried out ? No. And here I find the author of this admirable encyclopædia nodding. Under 'Moddle, Augustus,' I read : 'On the eve of the wedding he departed for *America*.' And under 'Pecksniff, Charity,' 'On the eve of the wedding, however, Moddle disappeared, preferring the uncertainties of *Tasmania* to the certain misery of life with Charity.' And I notched one other point against the compiler : no information is given as to who called whom 'My Prooshan Blue.'

If Dickens had cast his novels in the form of plays [John Gielgud] would have made a magnificent Dombey, a superb Littimer (always supposing he had not cast himself for Steerforth), and a devastatingly subtle Mr. Mould.

" Letter to Eric Newton, Dec. 10, 1944 : 'I don't understand you when you write : " At Wildenstein's there is a big uncouth flower-piece by Delacroix that is just forgivable, for Delacroix can afford to be uncouth. But sign the picture 'Renoir' and it would become nauseating." '

" You remember Mrs. Gamp and her 'When Gamp was summonsed to his long home, and I see him a-lying in Guy's Hospital with a penny-piece on each eye and his wooden leg under his left arm, I thought I should have fainted away. But I bore up.' Are you going to tell me that this is forgivable because it is signed 'Dickens' and because Dickens can afford to be uncouth, but that if it were signed 'Virginia Woolf' it would be nauseating ?

" A tendency to or taste for dismay is not and never has been a property of the English character. . . .

" Dickens knew what he was about when he created Mark Tapley. Martin Chuzzlewit, recovering from a dangerous illness, was, you remember, entirely dependent upon his servant, who in turn became desparately ill. Asked how he felt, Mark replied : 'Floored for the present, sir, but jolly !'

" But Dickens was only going back to an old model. Pepys writes : 'I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered ; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition.' "—" Ego 7," by James Agate. (Harrap.)

* * * * *

AUGUSTUS DICKENS

" An inquiry to Peter Daggy of the Illinois Central had a result of more interest to the present day than to contemporaries. Daggy apparently showed Perkins' letter to his corresponding clerk, and that gentleman, Augustus Dickens by name, promptly applied to the B[urlington] & M[issouri] for a position. He had, it seems, been a resident in Illinois for nine years and was thoroughly familiar with the workings of a land department. A further claim to consideration was unique :

Land Department,
Illinois Central Rail Road Co.
Chicago, March 22nd, 1865.

Personal.

C. E. Perkins, Esq.,
Supt.
B.&M.R.R.Co., Burlington, Iowa.

Dear Sir,

In conversation with Mr. Daggy, my personal and intimate friend, and Secretary of this Department, with whom I have been officially connected the past five years, he alluded to your letter to him of 20th Inst.

As corresponding clerk of this Office I have had many opportunities of becoming perfectly familiar with local matters, and after a nine years residence in this County, I know something about the routine of business, as established in America, of which I am a Citizen.

As a brother of Charles Dickens, the English Author, I have picked up a smattering of literary 'ability' that might be useful in getting up land pamphlets &c., and I might be able to 'guild/sic/ the frame, without spoiling the picture.'

But as I am now in receipt of $1400 a year, and the last three years

have had a present of from $250 to $350 each Christmas, your proposed terms would hardly meet my requirements.

But I told my friend Mr. Daggy there was such a being as myself in existence that you might not be aware of, and if you cannot extend your views in regard to salary, why there is no harm done.

Mr. Daggy will say a few words on this subject.

Of course I wish this to be a perfectly personal letter.

With much respect,
I am, Dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,
Augustus N. Dickens.

I am no draft man, having escaped that position by the ward on which my residence is estimated having filled its quota.

" Unfortunately for the literary reputation of the Burlington, Mr. Dickens was not employed. This fact, however, was no reflection on the applicant's ability, for even though the uncertainties of wartime were passing, the company again decided not to launch a full-fledged advertising campaign until completion of the line through the richest lands lying between Ottumwa and the Missouri River had enhanced their value."—" Burlington West : a colonisation history of the Burlington railroad," by R. C. Overton. (Harvard Univ. Press.)

* * * * *

PRINCESS BEATRICE

" The death of Charles Dickens, famous novelist, was a great loss to the nation. A great genius, he had used his gift not only to entertain but to teach. He had made public many crying scandals, had forced the people to realise the horrors of the slums, the vileness of prison life, the corruption which existed in high places and in the very fabric of the Law. He wrote of the common people, forcing those who read his books to realise that men and women were human beings whether they belonged to the lowest or the highest levels of society.

" There were many persons who disapproved of him and his works, no man could hit as hard as he had done and not make enemies. There was still a large section of the public which ' never read novels,' regarding them as frivolous and likely to corrupt the mind, and this section condemned him wholeheartedly, despite the fact that it never read a word which he had written. There was another section which designated him a ' dangerous Radical ' and another which regarded his work as ' crude and vulgar.' Later generations have poured scorn on Charles Dickens and his works, declaring that his novels are sentimental and verbose ; that the characters are unreal, and the women ' impossible.' There is a grain of truth in all these criticisms. Dickens, though a genius, was a man of his day, and suffered from the handicap of his generation. It is true that he wrote in a vein which seems to present-day readers unnecessarily emotional, but most often this only occurred when he was writing from his imagination. When dealing with the real poignant facts of life he let them speak for themselves. If his characters were not taken entirely from life he at least made them live. He was a creative artist, not merely a diarist of life. He created characters which have been remembered, and the words he put into their mouths will be remembered also for many years. With regard to his heroines, here he suffered from a double handicap. Firstly, his own experience of women had not been altogether happy, and secondly, it was an unwritten law that the heroine of fiction must necessarily be a ' pure, innocent girl,' which according to the standards of the day, meant that she was a doll, an ignorant sheltered young woman who knew nothing of life and who was mainly concerned with trivialities. Dickens was not particularly interested in these artificial products, he preferred women who had suffered and developed some character. But such a one would be impossible as a ' heroine.' Even he, who had upset many traditions, could not run altogether contrary to this one. Therefore, he gave his public the heroines it wanted and devoted his greatest attention to the more interesting characters, such as Edith Dombey, Lady Dedlock and Rosa Dartle."—" The Life and Times of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice," by M. E. Sara. (Paul.)

* * * * *

"Business from the idealist standpoint: In passing from the realist to the idealist standpoint in business matters, the well-known Dickensian portraits come naturally to the mind. We find ourselves picturing Mr. Gradgrind as the realist and the Cheeryble Brothers as the idealists in business. From this it is an easy step to the popular view that idealists are good and moral men, while realists are efficient, perhaps, but not conspicuous for moral qualities."—"Philosophy of Business," by R. C. Lodge. (Univ. of Chicago Press.)

* * * * *

". . . there are reasons for believing that Smollett was not unlike Mrs. Gummidge of *David Copperfield*: 'Yes, yes. I feel more than other people do, and I show it more. It's my misfortun'."—"Tobias Smollett," by G. M. Kahrl. (Univ. of Chicago Press.)

* * * * *

AMERICA

"With a fawning obsequiousness appropriate to an inferior approaching her superiors, New York began to make shy overtures to European artistic celebrities. In 1840 there came the renowned Elssler, and for weeks the town was in a perfect dither of excitement over this famous danseuse. It went equally mad a couple of years later over a performer of another type, Mr. Charles Dickens. The enthusiasm on that occasion ran so high, and the city endeavoured to show its appreciation with such magnificent receptions and banquets, that everyone was a little hurt and bewildered when Mr. Dickens returned home—his pockets bulging with Yankee dollars—to poke none too gentle fun at the boorishness and ineptness of Americans in general.

". . . from Providence to Hartford . . . took thirteen hours by stage-coach with no stopping-off places along the way for food. If you went from New York 'direct' to New Orleans in those days by way of the 'West' the journey took slightly more than twelve days, with a dizzying number of changes from rail to canal barge to mail coach to steamboat. The carping Mr. Dickens, a year or so before, had found all these means of transportation unsatisfactory; his English aloofness rebelled at the familiarity of his fellow passengers, he felt it undignified when he had to lie flat on his stomach on the canal barges when the helmsman shouted 'Low bridge,' and the Mississippi and Ohio steam-boats, which seemed magnificent in American eyes, he reviled because they were homely, because all the passengers had to wash from a public basin, and because the dining table contained 'a great many small dishes and plates with very little in them . . . except fancy slices of beetroot, shreds of dried beef, complicated entanglements of yellow pickle, maize, Indian corn, apple sauce, and pumpkin.'"—"The Life of Ole Bull," by M. Smith. (Princetown Univ. Press.)

* * * * *

CRITICS

"Woe to the country which, at the very moment when the world looks to it with fervent expectation, does not bring forth a Balzac, a Dickens, a Tolstoi to interpret its soul and symbolise its image for the times to come!

"Dickens had an enormous popular following: yet, when a collected edition of his novels appeared, one of the literary periodicals which commanded most respect in England, the 'Saturday Review,' prophesied on May 8, 1858, that he was doomed to oblivion and that in fifty years his humor would not be understood. 'We do not believe in the permanence of his reputation. . . . Fifty years hence, most of his wit will be harder to understand that the allusions in "The Dunciad," and our children will wonder what their ancestors could have meant by putting Mr. Dickens at the head of the novelists of his day.'

"Scott and Dickens have suffered in the valuation of a sophisticated elite from having been too widely acclaimed by the general public.

"At periodic intervals and especially in moments of crisis, critics also accuse the literature of their contemporaries of not being universal. Only universal art, they say, appealing to all readers with a minimum of culture, is destined to survive and is worthy of our democratic era. And they decide that Raphael and Rembrandt, Bach, Milton, and Dickens are universal, but that Manet, Cézanne, Rodin, Debussy, Baudelaire, Proust, Joyce, etc., are not. Any comparison between geniuses of unequal value is of course unfair and misleading. How universal is Dante's appeal to-day, or Milton's, or

Shakespeare's in ' Measure for Measure ' and ' The Winter's Tale,' or Dickens's in *The Pickwick Papers* ?

" Dickens may . . . provide modern historians with useful documents on early Victorian England, and Hawthorne on the Puritans in New England. But none of them ever set out to give objective historical value to his imaginative creations."—" Writers and their Critics," by H. Peyre. (Cornell Univ. Press.)

* * * * *

ART

" We are so accustomed to Millais' ' Carpenter's Shop ' that we cannot now see in it the original romantic distortions by means of which Millais stressed the fragments that he had perceived as emotive. But they were so obvious to Dickens that he described the boy Jesus as ' wry-necked,' His Mother's throat as ' dislocated,' the Mother generally as a figure that would stand out for ugliness in ' the vilest cabaret in France or the lowest ginshop in England,' and the whole picture as ' repulsive ' and ' revolting.' "—" The Modern Movement in Art," by R. H. Wilenski. (Faber.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VICTORIAN ENVELOPES

Dear Sir,

A member of the Fellowship, at present with the Army of Occupation at Hamburg, wishes to secure any embellished, decorated, or ornamental envelopes in use during the reign of Queen Victoria ; envelopes having pictorial designs or used as media for advertising. Also, any " covers," with legible postmarks, used before the introduction of postage stamps. He will be glad to purchase those suitable for his collection, and suggests that the money could be handed to the Walter Dexter Memorial Fund.

Would any reader, therefore, search through old papers and send anything deemed suitable to me ; I will forward a description to Hamburg and hold myself responsible for monies received.

Faithfully yours,

12 Underhill Road, London, S.E.22. FRANK J. STAFF.

MR. MALCOLM MORLEY

Dear Sir,

Mr. Frank Staff's excellent and most informative article in your last issue on the Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Society contained a reference to Mr. Malcolm Morley (p. 29)—the Dick Swiveller of 1910.

For some years past Mr. Morley has been one of the resident producers for the Oxford Repertory Players at the local Playhouse, and when I brought to his notice the allusion to him, he recalled at once this occasion together with several others upon which he was identified with the Fellowship's Dramatic Society. He was always very impressed, he told me, by the excellence of its organisation and its production of the plays, particularly of the stage sets.

Always an enthusiastic Dickensian, Mr. Morley is already toying with the idea of presenting Dickens at the Playhouse, Oxford, next Christmas ! Produced by him, it would be a real treat for Dickensians.

Yours faithfully,

Oxford. LOUIS B. FREWER.

(A number of readers have written expressing their delight in Mr. Staff's article, but lack of space prevents us from printing their letters. Mr. Staff himself sends the following note : " May I express regret that I omitted to mention Miss Pearl Humphrey, the talented daughter of the talented ' Madge ' of *Truth*. Miss Humphrey will be best remembered by her character study of Mrs. MacStinger in *The House of Dombey*."—EDITOR.)

WANTED.—Copies of *The Dickensian* for September and December 1945, Nos. 276 and 277. The Hon. Secretary would be very grateful to hear from members who have copies of these issues to spare.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HONORARY Secretaries are invited to submit reports in not more than 200 words of the activities of their Branches, for publication in *The Dickensian*.

The congratulations and good wishes of the Dickens Fellowship are tendered to Miss Ethel M. Carroll, the new Hon. Secretary of the Everett (Wash.) Branch.

A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN DICKENSIAN

ONE of the few surviving charter members of the Montreal Branch has recently been the theme of well-deserved encomiums in the Canadian press on the occasion of his retirement from public life to spend the evening of his days with his books and antiquarian studies. This is Dr. William Henry Atherton, author, historian and professor in the faculty of letters at the University of Montreal. Dr. Atherton, who is 78, is an Englishman by birth and a teacher by profession. At one time he was a member of the staff of Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, where he numbered grandsons of Charles Dickens among his pupils. In Montreal he has become the recognised authority on the history of the city, and, in fact, on all matters of antiquarian interest in the community. An enthusiastic student of Dickens, it was but natural that he should become a member of the Dickens Fellowship when the Montreal Branch was formed in 1909, being made first Vice-President. In addition to his literary labours, Dr. Atherton, 38 years ago, assumed the duties of manager of the Catholic Sailors' Club in Montreal, and the kindly and practical interest he has taken in those who go down to the sea in ships has made his name known to and beloved by sailormen in all the seven seas. It is this post as manager of the Sailors' Club that Dr. Atherton has just relinquished.

A. P.

OBITUARY

FRANK FOSTER

THE Seattle (Wash.) Branch of the Dickens Fellowship has suffered a keen loss in the passing of its Honorary President, Mr. Frank Foster. He had been associated with the Branch since its inception in 1921. An enthusiastic and ardent student of Dickens, and a contributor to *The Dickensian*, his knowledge of the works of the novelist was profound, and his opinions eagerly sought and treasured. His hospitable home was ever the scene of pleasant meetings and Christmas parties. Mr. Foster was born in Birmingham 86 years ago, and he came to America as a young man, settling in Seattle where at one time he was assistant to the British Consul. He leaves a widow and many friends to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and a kind lovable friend.

I. F. M.

E. L. D. COLE

THE Rugby Branch has suffered a severe loss in the death of Mr. E. L. D. Cole, M.A., who was their revered and respected President for twelve years Not the least of his accomplishments for the branch was the sympathetic and tactful manner in which he steered it through the difficult years of the war. Mr. Cole was the Senior Classics Master of Rugby School for forty years.

F. L.

* * * * *

We also regret to record the deaths of :

Mr. H. E. Clayden	*Headquarters*	Judge McDonough ...	*Chester*
Dr. Margaret Hudson	*Headquarters*	Sir Neville Macready	*Headquarters*
Mrs. L. B. Hunt ...	*Everett*	Mrs. Saven ...	*Headquarters*
Mrs. E. F. Jensen ...	*Madison*	Mr. Geo. Schroeder	*Headquarters*
Miss Katherine Kelly	*Headquarters*	Mr. W. E. Toms ...	*Sydney*
Mr. W. Lennard ...	*Sydney*	Miss S. G. Toplis	*Headquarters*

THE WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL FUND

Two Pounds, Thirteen Shillings.—The Alice Hasluck Reunion Association.

Two Pounds, Ten Shillings.—Hatfield Branch (second contribution); Los Angeles Branch.

One Guinea.—Major Humphry House, Miss G. Toplis.

Total to date.—£413 11*s.* 6*d.*

SOTHEBY & CO.

34 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

(Telephone: Mayfair 6682)

Will Sell by Auction during April

BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE WALTER DEXTER, Esq.,

the well-known authority on the Works of Charles Dickens, and formerly Editor of *The Dickensian*, comprising a Collection of First Editions of the Works of Charles Dickens in the Original Parts or in the Original Cloth, as issued.

An Extensive Collection of Books relating to the Life and Writings of Dickens.

Also First Editions of R. L. Stevenson, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells, and a small collection of popular literature of the 19th Century in Publishers' Bindings typical of the period.

On view at least two days prior.

Unillustrated Catalogues may be had, price 3d. per copy (prepaid), post free.

George Orwell

CRITICAL ESSAYS

The longest essay (50 pages) is on Dickens. In other essays Orwell discusses Kipling, Wells, Wodehouse, and other writers. *Ready* 8s 6d. net

* *

Eric Bligh

TOOTING CORNER

An autobiography which defies description in a few words. A leisureiy book with a flavour of its own. Full of anecdotes, telling among other things of a childhood in Tooting while it was still a village.

Shortly 15s. net

* *

SECKER AND WARBURG

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

LIST OF BRANCHES WITH HON. SECRETARIES.

HEADQUARTERS: 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Hon. Secretary: LESLIE C. STAPLES.

LONDON AND DISTRICT.

BALHAM (No. 93).—Miss JANE DAVIES, 10 Thirlmere Road, S.W.16.

LEYTON (No. 90).—A. BROWNING, Senr., 74 Warren Road, Leyton, E.10.

ST. PANCRAS (No. 76).—Mrs. NEWCOMBE, 44 Ampthill Square, Hampstead Road, N.W.1.

DICKENSIAN TABARD PLAYERS (No. 101).—J. J. FRENCH, 20 Trelawney House, Union Street, S.E.1.

UNITED KINGDOM.

BATH (No. 81).—Miss D. GREEN, 39 Belgrave Crescent.

BIRMINGHAM (No. 19).—Mrs. FOX-DAVIES, 48 Wood End Road, Erdington.

BLACKBURN (No. 107).—LEO. MASON, 124 Preston New Road.

BLACKPOOL (No. 92).—Mrs. S. SHAW, 65 Hove Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

BRIGHTON (No. 21).—S. HUMPHRYS, 30 Derek Avenue, Hove, 3.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (No. 124).—A. SINCOCK, 1 Dongola Avenue, Horfield, Bristol.

BROADSTAIRS (No. 130).—Capt M. C. ROBSON, 54 Pierremont Avenue.

BROMLEY (No. 98).—Mrs. MABEL COLE, 21 Madeira Avenue.

CHELTENHAM (No. 63).—Miss C. DALLIMORE, "Wrendlebury," Kensington Avenue.

CIRENCESTER (No. 109).—E. S. PLOWRIGHT, 17 Cricklade Street.

EASTBOURNE (No. 75).—C. FINDLATER, 12 Ratton Road.

EDINBURGH (No. 3).—Miss K. H. JOHNSTON, 13 Queen's Bay Crescent, Joppa.

GLOUCESTER (No. 40).—Miss E. A. DARKIN, 21 Heathfield.

HATFIELD (No. 62).—Miss W. BUTTERFIELD, 7 Gleneslands.

HULL (No. 34).—Mrs. MAUD W. CAWSON, 70 Prince's Avenue.

LANCASTER (No. 135).—Mrs. HARRISON, 45 Derwent Road.

LITTLEBOURNE (No. 122).—Miss A. E. DALLEY, The Street, Ickham, near Canterbury.

LIVERPOOL (No. 5).—Miss E. M. HARDING, 13 Buckingham Road, Liverpool, 13.

MANCHESTER (No. 4).—Miss M. LEA AXON, 5 Depleach Road, Cheadle, Cheshire.

NOTTINGHAM (No. 9).—J. CAWTHORNE, 37 Devonshire Road.

PLYMOUTH (No. 46).—Miss VERA COCKS, 31 Mt. Gold Road, Lipson.

PORTSMOUTH (No 6).—WALTER E. PINE, 44 Campbell Road, Southsea.

PRESTON (No. 123).—Mrs. J. A. WOOD, 2 Beech Drive, Broughton.

REDDITCH (No. 56).—ALMX F. PAYNE, 164 Bromsgrove Road.

ROCHESTER (No. 13).—Miss A. BUTLER, 253 Maidstone Road.

RUGBY (No 111).—FRANK LUCKING, 63 Eastlands Road.

SHEFFIELD (No. 23).—Miss ROSA GRAY, 63 Dodd Street, Hillsborough.

SHREWSBURY (No. 14).—Mrs. BENTLEY, Rose Villa, Percy Street, Greenfields.

SOUTHAMPTON (No. 26).—Mrs. A. G. HARRISON, 7 Westrow Gardens.

SOUTHEND AND DISTRICT (No. 54).—B. C. E. OSMAN, 31 Chapman's Walk, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

TEWKESBURY (No. 74).—GEO. ROBINSON, "The Nook," Priars Park.

WOODVILLE AND DISTRICT (No. 94).—W. SHEPHERD, Hartsborne Road, Woodville, Burton-on-Trent.

AUSTRALIA.

ADELAIDE (No. 127).—H. J. ALLISON, Harro Road, Somerlea, Glenelg.

BRISBANE (No. 83).—Mrs. M. H. JODRELL, Miles Street, Wooloowin.

MELBOURNE (No. 24).—Miss McMEEKIN, B. 1879—P. G.P.O.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.) (No. 64).—Miss FLORENCE E. TWEEDIE, 42 Bland Street, Ashfield.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND (No. 99).—Miss FREDA ROBINSON, 5 Queen's Avenue, Mt. Eden, S.2.

CHRISTCHURCH (No. 117).—Miss G. K. JARMA 31 Totara Road, W.1.

WELLINGTON (No. 121.)—Miss L. McKENZI 9 Brougham Street.

CANADA.

EDMONTON (Alberta) (No 100).—J. HOLMES 10032 102nd Street.

HAMILTON (Ont.) (No. 47).—F. G. MILLAR, 2 Stinson Street.

MONTREAL (Que.) (No. 52).—Mrs. M. R. EDWARD 4745 Queen Mary Road.

TORONTO (Ont.), (No. 32).—Mrs. E. L. SCHAT 443 Donlands Avenue.

VANCOUVER (B.C.) (No. 84).—A. M. COLBA 1670 Alberni Street.

VICTORIA (B.C.) (No. 113).—G. H. HENDERSO 1940 Birch Street.

WINNIPEG (Manitoba) (No. 25).—W. CROS 137 Cordova Street.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BOSTON (Mass.) (No. 73).—Mrs. HARRY LE BAGLEY, Hotel Commander, Cambridge, Mass.

CALIFORNIA PICKWICK CLUB (No. 131).—Mr EUNICE GRIFFITHS, 5418 7th Ave, Los Angeles

CHESTER (Pa.) (No. 22).—Miss FLORENC WILLIAMS, 920 Parker Street.

CHICAGO (Ill.) (No. 33).—Mrs. DAMARIS W BRADFORD, 2130 N. Sedgwick Avenue.

EAST BAY, BERKELEY (Cal.) (No. 95).—Mr NAAS, Leamington Hotel, Oakland.

EVERETT (Wash.) (No. 82).—Miss ETHEL N CARROLL, 2414 Hoyt Avenue.

HONOLULU (Hawaii) (No. 115).—Miss CHARLOTT HALL, 2447 Oahu Avenue.

HOLLYWOOD (Cal.) (No. 128).—Miss F CALDWELL, 321 S. Van Ness Avenue, Los Angele

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) (No. 89).—Miss ERNESTIN WILSON, 6273 Del Valle Drive.

MADISON (Wis.) (No. 103).—Mrs. MAX FISHE 310 Breese Terrace.

MARINETTE (Wis.) (No. 108).—Mrs. A. C. POP 330 State Street.

MARION (Ohio) (No. 134).—Dr. ED. ELLSWORT HIPSHER, 249 Madison Avenue.

MARYVILLE (Missouri) (No. 133).—Mrs. A. HARVEY, 722 North Fillmore St., Maryville, Mo U.S.A.

NEW YORK CITY (N.Y.) (No. 29).—Mi LORETTA A. O'BRIEN, 430 West 24th Street.

PALOS VERDES (Cal.) (No. 129).—Mrs. ELLEN KAHLER, 1237 East First S., Long Beach, 3.

PASADENA (Cal.) (No. 87).—Mrs. WM. COCHRANE, 1185 Banyan Street.

PHILADELPHIA (Pa.) (No. 41).—Mrs. S. WOOD 2522 So. 69th Street.

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) (No. 27).—Mrs. F. V FAIRMAN, 1167 King Avenue.

SEATTLE (Wash.) (No. 126).—Miss ISABEL MOUNT, 317 Harvard Avenue, N.

SIERRA MADRE (Cal.) (No. 60).—Mrs. TAR 274 W. Montecito Avenue.

WORCESTER (Mass.) (No. 119).—EDWIN MARBLE, 2nd 26 Longfellow Road.

Full particulars of the Fellowship and forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries.

HULL AND LONDON: PRINTED BY A. BROWN AND SONS, LIMITED